

# The Freeman

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WE are glad to see Germany picking up and going ahead so well; still, we should like to see other countries, our own for example, doing a little business too. Germany, to the best of our information, has fewer than a quarter of a million unemployed—and no skilled labour unemployed—and such a demand for overtime that in some cases workers can raise their wages by one-third. In this country, unemployment runs into the millions, including a good deal of skilled labour; there are more industrial disputes going on than at any time since the war, and actual trade is extremely quiet. England, another great industrial country, seems no better off. France shows the gangrene of *public egestas, privatim opulentia* that Sallust speaks of, and she too seems no better off. Now, suppose that Germany should go on a ten-hour day and that the German mark should fall to the horizon-level, as may very easily happen in consequence of the Silesian award, wages in the other industrial countries would be still further depressed, production and exchange still further slackened and unemployment increased.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

NEWSPAPER-DISPATCHES tell us that the League of Nations has considerably rehabilitated its prestige by its award on Silesia, and is entitled to the name of a going concern. We hardly see how this is so. The decision was purely political and appears to us to do no more than re-exhibit the League's character as a mere convenience for the British and French Governments; and this was unnecessary, since it is already sufficiently well known as such. The decision went quite as was to be expected; and being a purely political decision, made in utter disregard of the economics of Europe, it has made one more permanently sore place on the European social body. It will certainly result in a local economic war, and it may cause Germany to devote her whole energy and attention to a general campaign of underselling that will make non-German industry and commerce look bluer than they now do, if that is possible. Hence we see little for which to thank the League of Nations, and less for which to praise it.

THE League's decision has already caused the demise of Dr. Wirth's "Government of fulfilment," which has had a precarious hold on life from the day of its birth; and although some new compromise Government may be patched up, there seems little reason to doubt that the League's action will further widen the gulf between the various German political factions, a gulf which Dr. Wirth has been desperately trying to straddle; and the passing of his Ministry may thus go a long way towards fulfilling Dr. Wirth's prophecy of civil war between the workers and the bourgeoisie. Civil war in Germany would in all probability mean the end of all reparations-agreements and even of the Versailles treaty itself. We are not at all sure that such a consummation is not devoutly to be wished by the Allied Governments themselves, for it would rescue them from the embarrassment of having to repudiate their own mistakes. A recent editorial in the London *Sunday Times*, which is supposed to be *en rapport* with Downing Street, lends colour to this view. The *Times* proposes that the forthcoming Washington conference rewrite the Versailles treaty, avoiding the mistakes of Versailles; which makes us think that even the Allied politicians may be coming to see that in the direction of indemnity lies ruin.

THE trouble with political settlements is that politics takes no account either of sound economics or of sound morals, which are found invariably to be based on sound economics. The political aim of the Versailles treaty is to keep Germany strong enough to be able to pay, yet not strong enough to be a competitor in business. The economist knows that this is an impossibility; so does the moralist; and this knowledge is confirmed by the eloquent testimony of everything that has happened since the armistice. The moralist takes the whole thing as illustrating the great truth that, by virtue of the constitution of society, if one member suffers, the others suffer with it. There is no permanent well-being of any kind, intellectual, moral or physical, that is not a *general* well-being, that does not take account of every one, even the remotest and the humblest; a well-being, in other words, that is based on economic and social justice. It is this truth that lies behind the saying of a great Catholic moralist, that "the fewer there be who follow the way to heaven, the harder that way is to find"; and it also makes clear the saying of a great Protestant moralist, that "it is not so much in our neighbour's interest as in our own, that we should love him." All this, however, is far beyond the politician; and thus it is that when he ventures into the realm of economics or of morals, he generally makes a mess of things.

It is said that the German Government, if its territory is to be occupied by foreign troops, prefers American troops to those of the other victorious Powers. This viewpoint is comprehensible; for if the 15,000 American troops who now hold the Coblenz bridgehead be withdrawn entirely there is every reason to expect that the French Government would consider it incompatible with the safety of France to replace the American soldiers with fewer than fifty thousand French troops, who would thus get their training and maintenance at German expense. This paper can not see any justification for keeping American troops in a country with which our Government is at peace; but it can not be denied that the withdrawal of American troops from the Rhineland will give the French Government further excuse for maintaining an enormous standing army and for billeting an additional large share of it on the German population.

WHEN Mr. Lloyd George tells his countrymen that they must leave off hating Germany, in order that jobs may become more plentiful in England, his phrases have a certain resemblance to those which this paper has used repeatedly in its discussions of "victory without honour" and "peace without plenty." The likeness is, however, a purely superficial one, for the great Premier very carefully refrains from establishing any real connexion between England's hate and England's hunger. So long as the treaty of Versailles stands as a barrier between England and Germany, it makes comparatively little difference what the people of the two countries think of each other; it is not the sentiment now current, but the officialized and crystallized hatred embodied in the treaty that suffocates the economic life of Europe. At any rate, so it seems to us; and such being the case, we hold that any call to friendship which does not sooner or later translate itself into terms of treaty-revision, is worth no more than a rubber nickel in an empty slot machine.

As we go to press, confused rumours and rumblings reach our ears of a new *coup d'état* by the royalist forces of Hungary, in a second attempt to reseat the Emperor Charles upon the throne. The royal exile is said to have left his Swiss asylum by aeroplane and flown to Oedenburg, where he met twelve thousand loyal troops, and with them began what is reported to have been a victorious march on Budapest. Unemployment has driven men to desperate deeds ere this; and the impecunious condition of the exiled Austrian monarch has been a matter of common gossip these many months; therefore we are not surprised at the news of this precarious undertaking. Of course, there is much excitement among the Entente Governments and their creatures, the new Governments which were hacked out of the old Austrian Empire. England it is said, expects every member of the little Entente to do its duty in the way of sending troops against the royal rebel; and she herself promises to lend to the campaign a goodly measure of moral support, which is about the only kind of support she has on hand just now. Indeed the Powers seem to be united in the determination that "he shall not pass."

THE small nations of the old Empire naturally fear that the restoration of Charles to the Hungarian throne will be but a preliminary step to the restoration of the Empire, in which they would be gobbled up again, self-determination and all. Reluctant though we be to say it, we are not entirely sure that such a restoration would be an unmitigated evil. We take little stock in this king-business, and yet, as far as we know, there were no tariff-barriers between the countries of the old Empire; or if there were, they were not so nearly impassable that economic life grew sluggish and finally died behind them. In political theory the new Governments of Central Europe may represent a step forward, but we can not see that they have made any improvement economically upon the old regime; in that respect they have followed the lead of Versailles, which took a direction diametrically opposed to progress. It may be that in the case of this latest royalist venture, political reaction would mean a considerable economic advance.

WITH a railway-strike in the offing, and the great conference on armament only three weeks beyond the horizon, Senator Watson rose up the other day and told our Upper House that "the devilish machine known as the motor-cycle" was menacing the "life, liberty and limb" of pedestrian Senators, and that roaming dogs were pitilessly chasing squirrels up and down the Capitol grounds. News of this important speech compels us to say that, as between stray dogs and squirrels, our sentiments are about equally divided, whereas, when it comes to motor-cycles and Senators, we are all in favour of having the former herd the latter back to the corner grocery-store, where nothing in heaven above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth is ever allowed to dam the flow of futile conversation.

THE collective instinct of self-preservation in humanity ought to be regarded much more than it is, especially by those who are anxious about the cultural future of this country. Pernicious institutions prevail, abuses persist, low and imperfect standards of civilization hang on, incompetent and superficial modes of thought hold sway; and then presently, for no apparent reason, humanity in the mass seems to sheer off and make for something better and sounder. We thought of this the other day when we noticed that the State of Massachusetts has prohibited the erection of bill-boards along the Mohawk Trail, and that it is proposed to carry the same salutary idea still farther. Years ago, we remember, there was an energetic agitation against this form of advertising; Mark Twain, among others, wrote about it as far back as the early 'seventies. It came to nothing, and one would say ever since that there was no limit to the public's indifferent tolerance. But now, out of a clear sky, apparently, there has begun to develop a general and positive disapproval, which has begun to get itself registered in statutory form.

A SIMILAR revolt is brewing in New York against unnecessary noise, particularly against the noise made by vehicles. We remember that in this matter also, an energetic minority some years ago carried on a considerable crusade; a wholly competent statute was put on the books, and is still there, but has never been enforced, not even for a single hour, as far as we know, because no great number of people cared anything about it. The public, however, is beginning to be aware that the city is intolerably noisy and that there is safety as well as comfort in putting a stop to street-noises—and accordingly, before long, we shall probably find that the noises have somehow ceased. Undoubtedly, too, voluntary co-operation, the contagious spread of right reason, will have far more to do with stopping them than the exercise of the police-power. It was so, we may remember, with what was once our national habit of spitting; people stopped it of their own accord, chiefly, and not especially in virtue of legal prohibitions. It is so also with the remnants of our notorious national habit of scattering litter in the streets and in other public places.

THE same thing is true of weightier matters. People swing away from cultural standards, from the guidance of "the best that has been thought and said in the world," and remain away for a long time, each one doing what is right in his own eyes and acknowledging neither authority nor any principle of authority. In time, however, the self-preserving instinct in the race asserts itself, and they come back. This return, we think, is just now beginning to set in upon our country. No one is stage-managing it, no external pressure or agitation appears to be inciting it; it is simply being done because of the obscure, uneasy sense that we can not get on properly unless it is done. These considerations ought to have weight with the harsh and impatient critic of our civilization, especially if he be of the evangelistic or crusading type. It seems to us that if he put less confidence in his own strivings and a little more in the self-preserving instinct of the race—if he allied himself with that instinct throughout all its obscure workings, and was not in such a hurry to outrun it with some private scheme or system of his own—his career would perhaps be a little happier and certainly more fruitful.

WE do not know very many people who would be in favour of attempting to solve the problem of unemployment by sentencing the workless workers to a term in the penitentiary; and yet, if our information on the subject is reliable, the Parole Board of New York State is faced with the necessity of doing very much the same sort of thing. The Board is reported to have on its books several good men who ought to be somewhere outside the bars, working for their keep, instead of extracting it from the taxable and gullible public. In the present state of affairs, however, no jobs can be found

for these huskies, and consequently the Board has to keep them in the penitentiary in order to keep them out of mischief. Some one has suggested that the penitents could earn something more than their board and room, in the worst of times, if the State could arrange to turn them loose on rent-free land. The notion is a good one, and because of its wide applicability to the evils of monopoly on the one hand, and unemployment on the other, it is quite certain that it will not be so much as discussed, let alone adopted.

THE conference on the limitation of armaments promises to be no less serviceable than the conference on unemployment in its revelations of the paralyzing conventionality of the American labour-movement. Already the Central Trades and Labour Council of New York City is arranging, for the evening of Armistice Day, a demonstration which will "let the international disarmament-conference know that the heart of America beats high in determination." As a preliminary to this palpitating performance, the president of the council has announced that the bars have been put up against all pacifist organizations. Naturally this appears to us to be sheer nonsense, for we feel that in so far as the official labour-group touches the problems of peace and war at all, it is itself a pacifist organization. That is to say, quite like our liberal friends and the peace-societies, churches, uplifters *et id genus omne*, it attacks these questions emotionally and directly, with no apparent understanding of their relation to the fundamental facts of economic life.

GENERALLY speaking, the only difference between the peace-making methods of the respectable trade unionist, and those of the other pacifists, is that some of these latter folk have assailed the problem of militarism so directly and so emotionally that they, as individuals, have become lost to respectability; and still it is only by pushing the pacifist method to these limits of martyrdom that it can be made in any sense offensive. When organized labour balks at these unseemly performances, it seems to us to sacrifice every possibility of good in the pacifist position, and to retain for itself only those ardent heart-throbs which flood the mind with sentiment, and drown out every thought of the conditions which create wars just as casually as any factory creates smoke, and noise, and other disagreeable by-products.

ONCE more, say the head-lines, the senators of Cambridge University have "grappled with the woman problem," and once more they have denied the wisdom of much that the Lord made it, women would be rated as plain, creation. That is to say, they have decided to maintain at the University a degree of exclusiveness which has no counterpart anywhere in the world of organic matter, except where man has set up some kind of a barrier against nature. It is this sort of meddling that makes woman a problem, just as discrimination always makes a problem of the group against which it is enforced. If the University at Cambridge would accept the world as the Lord made it, women would be rated as plain, ordinary, human beings, and would eventually come to be regarded as such by undergraduates of the male persuasion.

As it is, the youthful collegian is taught to look upon woman as a queer confection, with qualities quite distinct from those which one expects to discover in one's male acquaintances and friends. He simply does not expect to find her companionable, in the sense that his male associates are companionable; and thus his relations with women are distorted from the very beginning by a wholly artificial emphasis on sex, and he is prepared for a grand affair with some young woman who would bore him intolerably if the element of biological attraction were lacking. In the case of women, the result of artificial segregation is likely to be very much the same; nor is there any final safeguard against resultant difficulties. However, it seems to us that the environment in which

men and women are most likely to develop a semi-rational attitude towards each other as individual human beings, and not as mass-problems, is an environment in which association is as free and casual as nature seems to have intended it to be.

TIME was when it was the Englishman's proud boast that his home was his castle where he was master, rather more than less, of all he surveyed, such as it was. In these latter days, however, a change has come o'er the scene and now an Englishman's home, like an American's or a German's or a Russian's, is a sort of ante-chamber to some government-bureau and the occupant thereof spends his life opening the door to inspectors or tax-gatherers. We are not surprised to hear that some rebellious minds in England are growing restless under so much governmental supervision, and we learn that the other day somebody went to the trouble to find out just how many public officials now possess the statutory authority to invade the British workingman's home whenever they may care to do so. The list is a long one and reads like a list of the committees of which Mrs. Partridge was so active a member: Health Visitor, Ante-Natal Visitor, School Nurse, Care Committee Visitor, After-Care Committee Visitor, Sanitary Inspector, Lady Sanitary Inspector, Medical Officer of Health, Tuberculosis Officer, Borough Surveyor, School Medical Officer, Relieving Officer, District Nurse, Infant Protection Visitor, Inspector of Midwives, Mental Deficiency Visitor, Milk Inspector, National Health Insurance Officer, Infant Welfare Visitor. A grand total of nineteen! We are not surprised to hear that many of these inspectors and "visitors" are utterly incompetent and unfitted for their duties—which is what we should expect. Of course if this kind of legislation continues, we may expect the day to arrive when half the population will be inspecting the other half.

EVERY now and again an esteemed correspondent will rebuke us for the severity of our references to public men. We are even charged with a sad want of generosity in our attitude towards what our correspondents call, not without impinging upon the frontiers of hyperbole, "these self-sacrificing, long-suffering public servants." We are sometimes warned that we are in danger of putting ourselves out of court with our fellow-citizens by reason of our lack of faith in the ideals of the political leaders of this and other nations. Well, we have always begged leave to doubt the soundness of our correspondents' case but we have never felt so sure of ourselves as when we read the replies elicited from five New Yorkers picked at random in the streets of the city by the Inquiring Reporter of the New York *Globe*. "Do public men tell the truth?" was the question and the replies came back instantly as follows: (1) "P. T. Barnum once said the American people love to be humbugged. Public men keep the famous showman's motto fresh in their minds." (2) "There have been times when public men have been known to tell the truth." (3) "Sometimes at rare intervals public men will tell the truth." (4) "When it suits their own convenience men in public life never hesitate to tell the truth." (5) "I would hate to lose all faith in my fellow-men. Public office is a public trust, and generally speaking, public men tell the truth." Save that No. 5 is perhaps a thought too generous, these worthy citizens admirably express in their different ways the views of the editors of this paper.

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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

### WHAT THE RAILWAYMEN MIGHT SAY

WE observe with great interest that in the matter of the railway-strike, the railwaymen are placing responsibility upon the landlords as well as the operators, and apparently in equal measure. The operators, they say, are seeking to take away all the wage-gains made by their employees; and the landlords "are continually elevating the rents of these same employees." This seems to us to mark a considerable advance in insight into the actual problem of the wage-earner. We do not know how far this statement is the fruit of study and reflection upon the economic law of rent, or how far it is the expression of a mere unthinking resentment against an obvious gouge. It is at least possible, however, that the railwaymen may have learned, or may be on the way to learning, something about the economics of their industry and of their own personal life as well. Their complaint that the operators are seeking to take away their wage-gains may be very just. For our part, we think it is; but no matter—let it go either way. The mention of landlords, however, leads us to hope that the railwaymen are seeing, or are on the point of seeing, that even if the operators do not succeed in taking away their wage-gains from them, the landlords will.

Most bachelors know the game of Kelly pool. Married men, also, who revert at times to what Mrs. Pumphill called "the dissolute friends and dissolute practices of their bachelorhood"—these too, presumably know it. One of the great mysteries which the game presents to the thoughtful novice is, what becomes of all the small change? Half-a-dozen men, say, are playing. Each puts up his quarter out of what change he has in his pocket—puts up a nickel every now and then for scratches and for being "killed"—puts up similarly for the next game and the next, and so on for several games. Presently some one runs out of silver and changes in a dollar bill; then another and another, until finally it is discovered that no one has any change. Everybody had some at the beginning, but it has gradually disappeared, even the winners finding themselves with less and less silver and more and more paper money. Where does it go? The novice, puzzled by this, makes inquiry and finds that it goes to the house. Each winner, paying for the game when it is over, thoughtlessly shells out a little silver from his winnings as he scoops them in, and this steady, regular, and inconsidered drain carries off in the course of a couple of hours, perhaps, all the small change that the players started out with.

By an analogous process—not a similar process—all the wage-gains that are made and kept by labour, are insensibly and gradually drained off by a rise in land-values. The classical example of this is probably that afforded by the spectacular wage-gain made a few years ago by the employees of the Ford Company. Mr. Ford established overnight, as nearly as we remember the circumstances, a minimum wage of six dollars a day, which was at the time an enormous figure; and within two weeks the landlords of Detroit had capitalized that increase five years ahead, in a rise of land-values and a corresponding "elevation," as the railwaymen say, of rent. The same thing results from any other kind of effort to improve the condition of labour. Let a park be planned in a congested section; let a public-service utility be laid down, a subway, trolley-line, telephone-line or water-main be extended; and the immediate and automatic result is a rise in the

value of all land that can possibly be affected by the improvement, and a corresponding rise in rents.

We hope that the railwaymen really mean what they say, or rather, that they mean all they imply, when they include the landlords with the operators as jointly responsible for their economic distress. They can see, if they think about it a moment, that it makes precious little actual difference whether the operators deprive them of their wage-gains or not, since the landlords stand ready and able to do so if the operators fail. They can see, further—and it would greatly change their point of view upon the economics of their industry—that it is as landlords that the operators are impregnable, not as operators. The real value of a railway, as we said last week, consists in the exclusive right to do business over a long, narrow, and continuous strip of land, spreading at the ends into what are called terminals. Appropriation by the community of the full rental value of this monopoly, confiscation of the economic rent of these strips of land, would reduce the railwaymen's dealing with the operators to much simpler terms, and, from the railwaymen's point of view, much more advantageous terms.

Then with these matters in mind, the railwaymen would be in a position to offer some good advice to a tax-ridden and landlord-ridden public. They would be able to make clear to us some important truths. They might say, for instance, "What we all need is an enhancement of industry and trade. We need to have more goods produced and a freer and cheaper exchange of what we produce. Well, every tax put upon production and exchange, retards them. Put a tax direct or indirect, upon wheat, and you make wheat scarcer, poorer and dearer. Put a high enough tax on it and it disappears. Tax any product of industry, tax clothes, implements, meat, leather, what you will, and you make them scarcer, poorer and dearer. Tax exchange of commodities, by a tariff or by a tax on transportation, and fewer commodities are exchanged, and the cost of them is enhanced. But you can tax land-monopoly straight out of existence, you can tax the economic rent of land at one hundred cents in the dollar, and there will be just as much land as there was before, it will be just as good as it was before, it will not be impoverished or depreciated, and instead of being dearer, it will become far cheaper and far easier of access. Why not, therefore, leave industry and exchange untaxed, since they are highly desirable; and in place of all such taxes, substitute a tax at one hundred cents in the dollar, on the economic rent of land?"

### THE THREE THINGS NEEDFUL.

THE expert optimist and his foster-brother the optimistic expert, are having a terrific time of it, these days, in trying to chow an impatient world what is the matter with exchange, and what ought to be done about it. Currency-values have so much quicksilver in their heels that what business is done, except for a bit of barter now and then, resembles gambling much more closely than it resembles commerce. The optimist-expert, especially he of the official type, has given out nearly all kinds of reasons for this interesting mobility of the exchanges—every reason, probably, but the right one. He has also advocated from time to time, such nostrums and proprietary remedies as he had in stock. For a time we heard that decreased wages and increased production would restore the money-market to normalcy and enable a resumption of trade. Wages fell, accordingly, and production increased to some extent, and then employers and producers proceeded to

face the obstinate and insoluble question of what to do with the goods after they were produced; and trade went from bad to worse.

Then the optimist began to look forward hopefully to the payment of the German indemnity. The first instalment of the indemnity would surely put things on the high road. The German goods were to be "dumped" on Britain and France; and the United States, that land of milk and honey for an insolvent Europe, would see to it that the products of sweated German industry should not be suffered to compete with the products of free American and Allied labour. So Germany paid up, and still the expert's economic improvements one and all stalled on their schedule and have not yet arrived. The land of milk and honey, the land of great economic resources and most meagre economic resourcefulness, shut up shop to the tune of an unemployment-problem involving, we hear, one-twentieth of the population; involving, certainly, an immense and formidable number of persons. In England, also, trade appears to be at a standstill. France has industrial troubles of her own, especially in her textile areas and in the coal-fields of the Pas de Calais. How all this can be, now that Germany has duly and properly paid her indemnity-instalment, is a hard question for the expert optimist. With taxation where it is, with industry and commerce where they are, with a dozen London mayors hunting the British Premier to cover in his Highland retreat, to tell him of the pressure of unemployment in their respective boroughs, one wonders what the framers of the treaty of Versailles—especially the small army of advisory experts—really think of their handiwork.

It is fair to say, however, that the optimistic expert and the expert optimist have subsided a little of late, and given place to an order of opinion that would—oh, how very short a time ago!—have been unanimously roared down as the mere feeble cackle of the calamity-peddler. Those who rushed into the arena of debate to flout Mr. Maynard Keynes, for example, when he was *vox in deserto*, now remain to listen and to pray. The London *Chronicle* is running a series of articles advocating an outright repudiation of inter-Allied debts and remission of the German indemnity. Sir Robert Hadfield, head of the great Sheffield iron and steel works—a name of mark for those who look for great blessings to flow from the Washington conference next month—asks most pertinently:

Who is going to buy from us, with the foreign exchanges in their chaotic position? Let the United States, which has the world's gold, come to the world's aid! It is a fact that the unemployment-problem in the United States is greater than in this country [England] although she has all the gold. Countries can not afford to buy from the United States, consequently the United States can not export. Where there is no export-trade there is no production, and no production means unemployment.

Yes, unfortunately, there is no doubt about that. In harvesting the world's gold-supply, our men of finance in the United States overlooked one little matter that is quite significant. Goods must be paid for with goods; and until a creditor gets actual goods, he is *not paid*. A debt paid in money is not paid at all; not even a gambling debt. When a man takes a pot of six silver quarters in a game of Kelly pool, his winnings are not paid; they are paid only when he changes in his quarters for cigars, say, during the next game, or for some breakfast bacon on the way home. We have often wondered what would happen if, now that we have pretty well cornered what gold there is in circulation, European countries should simply demon-

etize gold. Why not? After smothering the world with paper, why not debase the metal currency? It would surely enforce upon the people of this country the salutary doctrine that as goods pay for goods, until a creditor has goods in payment of a debt due him, he is not paid at all. There is a good broad hint of this process of demonetization in the proposal of Sir Peter Rylands, chairman of the Federation of British Industries. He says:

I think it would be better to fix a new standard of currency by minting sovereigns with a lower standard of gold purity than before the war, say twenty-five per cent less. The result would be to bring the currency-notes into closer relation to the gold reserve, and stabilize the currency.

This suggestion might at first be received with mixed emotions in the United States; still, as we said, why not? We have fairly well learned that paper has no value except as a commodity, as something to write or print on or to wrap up parcels in; surely it would be worth some sacrifice to learn that gold also has no value except as a commodity, as something to work up into jewellery or to fill teeth with—that is if dentists still use it, as we think they do, although we remember hearing somewhere lately that they were going in rather more for porcelain.

Three things can be done. They are stiff treatment, but we shall have to come to them sooner or later, and the incidental mention of dentistry serves to point the maxim that with a painful job, the sooner the quicker, easier and better. First, destroy every vestige of the impracticable and ruinous treaty of Versailles; second, make a bonfire of all the paper obligations outstanding, external and internal; third, abolish every tariff-barrier against the free exchange of goods. Repudiation there must be and inevitably will be. It is a hard fact to face after so long indulgence in the expert optimist's dream of a solvency that should arise victorious over all economic law; but there it is. Well, then, why not leave the expert optimist to an undisturbed enjoyment of the paradise reserved for his kind, and by making a good clean job of repudiation, clear the way for a new start? First, however, let us clearly see that as a devastating war laid trade low, so a devastating peace-treaty kicked it into insensibility where it lay; and now tariffs, indemnities, trade-restrictions, passport-regulations, bureaucracies and armies of occupation all sit on its chest, steadily and by no means slowly crushing out the trifle of laboured breath that is still left in its body.

#### BY WHOM THE OFFENCE COMETH.

THE mills of government grind with exceeding slowness when it comes to turning out reform-measures. Indeed, it requires an enormous popular pressure to make them move at all; and when a measure designed to correct some crying evil in our social system is finally ground out into law, even then its enforcement is by no means assured. Political government offers privilege every facility for circumventing the popular will whenever it becomes inimical to the interests of privilege, as it is the business of political government to do; and the way of the reformer is by consequence hard and wearisomely repetitious. Thus, Federal laws aimed at the abolition of child-labour have twice been declared unconstitutional by the Federal courts; meanwhile the economic slavery of children continues, just as the economic slavery of the expropriated masses, be they children or adults, will inevitably continue until its causes are finally known for what they are and are done away with.

There are many well-meaning people who, while they accept the social order which fosters economic slavery, have yet a horror of its manifestation in the enforced labour of children. This is perhaps due to the fact that in child-labour the cruelty of the system is dramatically apparent. The natural human instinct to protect the helplessness of childhood makes people who have not dividends at stake resent any advantage being taken of that helplessness; whereas the exploitation of adults does not arouse the same feeling of pity and indignation because people, even those without dividends, are not accustomed to recognize the equal helplessness of adults in face of the existing economic order. Then, too, as our child-welfare workers are at pains to point out, the health of the growing child may be permanently impaired and his proper physical and mental development thwarted by excessive labour at arduous tasks; while his legitimate claim to some degree of acquaintance with the three R's is denied him when he is kept out of school in order that he may augment the family income through his labours. Indeed, the literature of the reformers of child-labour conditions, like most literature of reform, impresses one with the desire of its authors to right a lesser social evil in so far as is compatible with the careful preservation of the greater evil from which the lesser springs.

It is hard to discover any proper place for sentiment in this matter of child-labour. There are, as this paper sees it, two logical attitudes towards the upbringing of children, both of which depend for justification upon the attitude which is to be taken towards life itself. If the purpose of life be hard labour for the many with excessive ease for the few, then the children of the working masses, as the labour-motors of the future, should of course be reared with a proper regard to their future effectiveness as labour-motors. That is, they should not be required during their period of growth to perform labours which will incapacitate them, physically or mentally, for their more profitable exploitation later on, when they should normally be more powerful and productive machines. Here the reformer has a logical place. Employers of child-labour, be they industrialists, or parents who use their children's labour to assist them in their own occupations, are likely to overwork their little employees, the industrialist through shortsightedness or indifference, the parent through ignorance or necessity, or both. The reformer, by securing the passage of laws regulating the hours and conditions of child-labour, and prescribing a certain amount of compulsory "education," may do much to correct this tendency, and thus insure a greater degree of health and a lesser degree of stupidity in that larger life of exploitation which awaits the exploited children of the poor.

But there is another, and we are inclined to believe a more legitimate conception of the purpose of life than this, namely: that life is given to us to be enjoyed; and the only true enjoyment of life consists in fulfilling the inherent law of being, which is physical, mental and spiritual growth. "The best man," says Socrates, "is he who most tries to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who most feels that he is perfecting himself." If one accept this simple and logical view of goodness and happiness, then one must repudiate the economic exploitation, not of children only but also of adults, for the man whose nose is kept securely tied to the grindstone of physical necessities will have precious little leisure in which to perfect himself or to give thought to the proper development of his children. If he is obliged to work for a

wage less than the amount needed to support his family, then if his children are to be adequately fed and clothed and sheltered, they must perforce be set to work at some gainful occupation, however much better it might be for them if they could play a little, or go to school. It is unfortunate, but people must eat before they can grow, and the only way they can get beyond a preoccupation with mere eating is to rid themselves of the gourmand that devours all their surplus—that is, of the land-monopolist.

It is land-monopoly which, in the last analysis, makes it necessary for people to put their children to work; because land-monopoly means high rents and low wages. The connexion between land-monopoly and child-labour is especially clear, since seventy-two per cent of the child-labour in this country is agricultural and by far the greater number of that seventy-two per cent of rural child-workers are the children of tenant-farmers. Because of the extortionate demands of the landlords, the tenant-farmer is obliged to use the labour of his children in order to make ends meet; and in this connexion it is significant that tenant-farming and child-labour have both shown a very considerable increase in this country in recent years.

With the causes of child-labour thus apparent, it would seem that people who can regard with complacency such evils in our social order as starvation-wages or a "normal" unemployment-condition involving a million and a half workers, must be either fools or knaves when they concern themselves with child-labour on anything but a strictly utilitarian basis. As for those whose enlightened love for childhood teaches them that the development and happiness of these little ones depends upon the removal of the economic disabilities which hamper all workers, their place is certainly not among the ranks of the reformers.

### THE ILLUSION OF THE CRITICS.

EVERY time that one of our younger writers publishes a novel we are almost certain to witness the edifying spectacle of one-half of the literary world of America calling the other half swine, and being accused in turn of prurient sentimentality. It is the old debate between those who hold that realism is indecent and their opponents who denounce the furtive prurience of the romantic school. While one set of critics insists upon the obscenity of Mr. Dreiser, another is engaged in dredging the "best sellers" for evidences of suggestive carnality. It is regarded as a vindication of "Madame Bovary" that it contains nothing so morbidly indecent as the climax of that respectable classic, "Paul et Virginie." Whenever some modern falls a victim to one of our literary lynching parties, his defenders at once undertake to prove that no offence has been committed that is at all comparable with that of accepted standard works which flourish without interference from the self-appointed custodians of our virtue. It is natural and legitimate for publishers, threatened with an injury to their material property in an incriminated book, to rest their defence, to some extent, on such arguments. So far as they are concerned, precedents are of importance, for it is obviously irrational to prevent one firm from publishing "Jurgen" while a rival is free to sell "Droll Stories," or the more pornographic meditations of popular psycho-analysts.

These considerations, however, have little meaning for criticism in its relation to literature or the arts in general. The true critic knows that these appeals to

the law and the Church are dangerous, for they are a recognition of the qualifications of those institutions to concern themselves with matters that are entirely outside their jurisdiction. The true critic knows a work of art must be judged solely by æsthetic standards, it must be weighed with reference to values which are independent of the possibly excellent moral or political opinions of the author. Criticism, therefore, should see to it that this debate between the realists and their opponents is carried on without any appeal to authorities whose competence in their own spheres is no guarantee of their ability to intervene in matters which they do not understand.

In this country perhaps, more than in any other, the arts are subjected to the interference of people who are disqualified from pronouncing judgment by ignorance of the principle at issue in any particular instance. Writers and artists should be slow to invoke the aid of the Cæsars of morals and politics, for it is to their common interest to defend the arts from attacks by interests that are essentially hostile to all that the artist is and means. Both the mob and its leaders must be kept at arm's length if there is to be any real freedom for art. Once admit the right of these people to interfere, and the artist is immediately called upon to promote moral, economic or political causes, which are alien to his true purpose. It is a short-sighted policy to argue that morality is a test so sound that real liberty is in no wise threatened by its pretensions. No writer whose artistic intentions are serious can be quite sure of not incurring some day the charge of heresy or immorality.

That is true, not only because no intelligent being can foresee the devious workings of the puritan mind, but because of the very nature of life itself. Whoever tries to express the soul of man must, if he be honest, and if the puritans have the courage of their convictions, face the charge of indecency. Judged by puritan standards Shakespeare was indecent and Goethe obscene, indeed literature has been one vast piece of immorality. Yet, it is chiefly against the realists that the charge is brought, although the realists avowedly make the transcription of life their aim, and are therefore not responsible for its failure to meet the demands of deacons and elders. Whether the realists' aim is right or wrong is a purely literary question, into which morality does not enter. Criticism can not blame the artist because he follows his impulse instead of denying it.

By definition, realism reflects life and does not pretend to form or reform it. To demand that it shall omit what is "unpleasant," is about as reasonable as to expect the writer of a physiological textbook to omit what is "indecent." The public is free to read or not to read, as it will, but the artist can not write what he will, and what he must, if he will not thwart and debase the mysterious compulsion of the creative faculty. A work of art is not produced for the edification of Mr. Podsnap's "young person" or for any group or sect; it is given to the world, and who shall measure its worth by police-court precedents, or the neuroses of sex-starved vestrymen? The question that criticism must ask of a work of art is whether it is true or not, or, if the moralists prefer it, whether the truth is indecent or not. If the latter, then let the crusaders indict the truth, not the truth-teller. In a word, our critics must clear their minds of ethical cant when the æsthetic problem of realism comes before them.

The champions of naturalism and freedom, on the other hand, must submit to the same discipline. They must not be so ready to charge with prurience those

who so self-consciously accuse the realists of indecency. If indecency is there, the explanation is the same as in the case of realism. Life itself has its suppressed indecencies, its half-expressed desires, which are ashamed to know themselves for what they really are. Just as the charge of obscenity involves many of the greatest names in the world's literature, so this counter-charge involves the others. Were Homer and Dante Richardson and Thackeray and Dickens always as innocent of sensual suggestion as the advocates of chemical purity would like to believe? Is a modern writer any the worse because he is accused in company with Herodotus and Sterne rather than with Juvenal and Flaubert? Let us leave these charges and counter-charges, these debates founded upon the citation of great names, to the law-courts when a piece of publishing property is at stake. Literary criticism must be made of finer stuff.

The artistic imagination is essentially sensual, hence there is an element in the work of all the greatest artists which falls within the puritan definition of indecency. Sensitiveness to formal beauty usually predisposes the artist towards a delight in feminine beauty, which stirs the imagination in a manner entirely incomprehensible to those who like the philistine puritans have no imagination of an æsthetic kind. It is therefore unnecessary for criticism to dwell upon this inseparable element in the arts, since in one form or another it is always present. That is not to say that obscenity is to be ignored. But, just as the true critic will neither praise nor condemn a work because of the soundness of the author's opinions on current problems, so he will not praise or condemn it on grounds of morality. Neither the police nor the clergy, nor the societies for the prevention of vice, are necessary to the proper evaluation of pornography. If a book is merely obscene, it is artistically worthless. The author who clumsily labours indecency has already committed an offence against style which criticism will know how to deal with. If the arts could be discussed only in terms of æsthetic values, if the opposing camps of the critics could realize something of the dignity of letters, these brawls over "indecent" literature would not be conducted like a species of literary cock-fight, with the mob grinning appreciatively as the feathers fly, and receiving confirmation in its secret belief that these literary gents don't amount to much anyhow, whether they call themselves saviours of Anglo-Saxon morality, or pioneers of a new era in American culture.

The only way in which this unhappy situation can be avoided is by strictly reserving such debates to the plane of literature, to which they rightly belong. So long as our critics themselves introduce the irrelevancies which deliver themselves and the honour of literature into the hands of their enemies, so long will these discussions proceed along the familiar lines of moral, political or economic argument, in which the æsthetic value of the work involved is the last instead of the first consideration to enter. It is, moreover, to the interest of men of letters generally to see that no work of art shall ever be judged, at least with their connivance or co-operation, by moral tests, or by its service to any of the innumerable propagandas with which the world is besieged. To put it in its lowest terms, there is something absurd in the spectacle of the writer who to-day basks in the warm approval of the Methodist æstheticians only to find himself denounced by them to-morrow as an enemy of virtue. This accident may happen in the best-regulated literary families, for there is no security for the true artist from an inquisition which has numbered amongst its

victims even the figures in history which now seem sanctified by respectability.

If the freedom of literature and the criticism of the arts are abandoned to the authority of unqualified persons, fundamentally hostile to the whole purpose and conception of art, the way is opened up for all the intolerable presumptions and restrictions with which literature in this country has to contend. As our critics judge, so they shall be judged, and with them the arts they sponsor. The academic mandarins who love to remind us of tradition and the judgments of posterity might reflect on this. There is nothing more ridiculous in literary history than the critic who brands as indecent the contemporary work which future generations salute as a creation of genius. It is the illusion of most of our critics that they can appeal with impunity to Philip of Macedonia in this quarrel between Athens and Thebes.

#### FROM LEIF TO MARTIN.

MARTIN has been repairing my boat. She is some twenty feet on the water-line and has about a ton of outside lead. She was built a good while ago by a first-class honest builder and has had hard use. Last summer she leaked like a basket. When we got her hauled out and opened up, it seemed nothing short of a miracle that her whole bottom had not dropped out on that last cruise, so rotted was her backbone, the keel.

The interesting thing about Martin, and the reason why I turned my little old ship over to him, is that by apostolic succession he derives his lineage in straighter line than any bishop, from those whom for convenience, I head with Leif Ericsson, who is supposed to have come to New England nearly a thousand years ago, and thus serves to symbolize the Norsemen who built the Long Ships.

Down into France they went, those Norsemen, and from them came that marvellous craft that gave us the half-timbered houses of Normandy, the roofs of the great Gothic cathedrals and the magnificent hammer-beam trusses of Westminster. All that—the finest product of the carpenter's skill the Western world has ever seen—is the work of the ship-builder. The curves of his beams and his trusses, the infinitely ingenious and competent bracing, the perfect fitting together of the parts—it is ship-building, and nothing else.

What the Englishman learned from the Viking, he brought over with him, three hundred years ago, to the wild sea-coast of America. There he found the great timbers of the virgin forest, and, glory be to God! he planted apple-trees. There he found the cod-fish and the whale and swarms of other fishes. He found a country whose north-eastern shoreline seemed to have been thoughtfully designed for those who would follow the sea in both the lesser and the greater ways; and being born a seafarer, he followed the sea. And he prospered.

We all know his greater works: his whalers, his frigates, his clipper-ships. Not all of us know the smaller. All along that indented coast of New England there grew up a race of boat-builders, men who evolved, worked out and made the many various types of small craft in which their sons and brothers and they themselves ventured their lives in all weathers. It seems only the other day that one saw all these types as one sailed those waters: the superb Gloucester "Bankers," the periaguas of Maine; the bold Cape Cod cats; Block Island's sharp-ended, clinker-built two-masters; the peerless little Newport fishermen. Big and little, they were all handy and able, all specially contrived for their particular work.

The Gloucestermen still keep the sea, proud, swift and hardy. But as for the smaller local craft, in all their varied individuality, they had no masks to guard them from the gas-attack when it came upon them, and so it is that the all-conquering explosive engine has done away with mostly all of them—with them and with the kind of men who built and sailed them. The machine has done the same for ship-builders and fishermen alike. The nets and traps that line all the shore and obstruct the tideways, they take the fish that once were caught by honest hook and line in hands that steered the staunch little ships to amazing places and through incredible weather, and machine methods in ship-building have sent the old handicraft almost into oblivion.

Martin's boat-yard lies between his long shop and his house; the boats that are made by his cunning old hands, grow to completion under the apple-trees. The only "overhead" that Martin knows about is their pink and white blossoms. In the shop are many tools of strange shapes, the very names of which will soon be forgotten; and stowed away to be seasoned are bits of different woods; oak, cedar, hickory—not kiln-dried, not on your life; seasoned in a way that we haven't time to do nowadays and that it doesn't pay to do. From Martin's orchard and from other old orchards round about, come the fantastic crooks and curves and bends that only a New England apple-tree knows how to make. Tough, close-grained wood without an equal for knees and braces. What a tree! Most lovely of all that blossoming spring delights us with; most beautiful of all our trees; beloved of innumerable nesting birds; the finest fire-wood that blazes clear upon our hearths; mother of such countless goodnesses to our palates; yielder of a juice that never, never, never can Mr. Volstead subdue. An apple knee to a boat is as an eagle-plume to an Indian.

It is a great job that Martin has done on my boat. I will not bother you with technical details. It was a little matter of taking out and replacing most of the keel, without disturbing the false keel underneath, weighted with its heavy load. Through the keel passes the centreboard, and into it are fastened the ribs; its outer faces are shaped into rebates to receive the first row of planks, called the garboard strakes. A very difficult piece of work, requiring great ingenuity to install and the utmost accuracy in shaping, for every rib is dovetailed into its socket, and the whole thing is a system of subtle curves. So too are the garboard strakes; they are all curves. In the execution of this task, there was not one bit of fumbling; everything fitted as it was meant to fit, and when the strakes were on she was as tight as a bottle, without as yet any of the caulking; and to-day she is as sound as when she first left the ways, over twenty years ago. It is the work of a master of the fine old Norse handicraft.

I went to tell Martin what I thought of what he had done for the boat, and also to express my feeling over a price based upon cost of materials, a fair charge for a more than fair day's work, and an apple-blossom "overhead." Then I said, "When you and the few that are like you go, there won't be any of you left." "Yes," said Martin, in his gentle deaf voice, "there's plenty cabinet-makers, they call 'em; they can make the inside of a yacht look real pretty. There ain't many ship-carpenters."

I nodded. He went on: "My father, he used to sail a two-masted schooner. Got caught in a squall once, bound to the south'ard, off the Jersey coast. Carried away the upper part of his foremast. What'd he do? He spliced it. Worked her into Egg Harbor, an' went ashore and cut a new stick. Then he went on his voyage, everything all right. Now my brother-in-law, he had a schooner an' he got dismasted same way. What'd he do? Signalled a steamer an' got towed into port for repairs. Cost him fifty per cent of the value of his ship. If he'd been one o' the family, he'd have spliced her himself."

I paid Martin's bill: that, poor as I am, was no extravagance.  
C. GRANT LA FARGE.

#### THOMAS HOBBS: TWIN TO TERROR.

MRS. HOBBS gave birth to little Thomas prematurely at the news of the approaching Armada, and when he had grown to man's estate, he used to say jokingly that he and terror were born twins. Fear was the keynote of his life, he the precursor of the "sound-on-the-war-pacifist," and of the trimmer. Fear is the keynote of his philosophy; he is the respectable theorist of the servile State. It is his clear reasonableness which has kept the show going so far, and although it goes miserably, the audience has not yet walked out on the management. The modern State is an inverted pyramid, its apex resting on the 1651 Folio of his "Leviathan"; if not there then nowhere between covers can one find whatever there is of sense behind the portentous mythology of States and patriotisms.

Hobbes had not the courage to fear God. He practised hedonistic atheism almost religiously, and he retained fragments of theology in his politics. There is a marked similarity between the doctrine of original

sin and Hobbes's picture of the natural state of man, brutal but at least not sentimental like Rousseau's portrait of the happy savage. A war of all against all, the condition of primeval liberty in which every man was free, as Hobbes ironically observed, to do nothing in particular but kill his neighbour and get killed himself. There is a parallel between the Christian drama and his own where man is redeemed from his natural state in a kingdom of peace by a contractual mediation. Only in complete subjection to this kingdom is liberty possible, for outside it there is nothing but the no-State where is no liberty at all. By the contract which procures this temporal redemption, "every subject is author of every act that his sovereign doeth," and "therefore the liberty of the subject is consistent with the unlimited power of the sovereign."

There is sufficient historical excuse for an elaborate enlargement on the similarity between the theological economy of redemption and the rationalist politics of Hobbes, but one essential element breaks the analogy completely. Whereas St. Anselm's doctrine of the redemption turns upon the infinity of the high contracting party, the entire politics of the absolutism of the sovereign State depends for its integrity upon a foundation of sand. Mankind is more than likely to relapse into its natural state; the contract may at any time be broken; the kingdom of peace is anything but eternal. It is this that seems to frighten Hobbes, this fear of he knew not what, this waking nightmare of nihilism (partly realized for him during the war between Cavalier and Roundhead), seems imminent to him in every trifling opposition to authority. Because of his metaphysical fear, he is for ever crying, "Fire! Fire!" insistently pleading that the all-State is better than the no-State; for ever crying, "Wolf! Wolf!" and depriving the subject one by one of all his rights against the sovereign; mumbling the while "Hocus Pocus!" and grasping in a Satanic way the reverse side of the paradox to which the nature of liberty is bound to lead (as, for example, that it is necessary to force men to be free), and from the sinister horn of this dilemma fashioning a trumpet on which he plays the Hymn of Tyranny which he calls a Song of Freedom.

In times of disorder, such as those engendered by strikes, there are always a lot of Thomas Hobbeses among us to cry, "Law and Order! Authority and Force!" It is then that men of gentle courage reply: "Unless you are wrong, the nihilists are right; unless law and order exist by reason of something stronger than authority and force—convenience for instance—they would not exist at all." But the Thomas Hobbeses cry, "Authority and Force!" louder and louder, not because they fear disorder and love law; but because they hate freedom and cling to petty comforts, having themselves no confidence. It is comforting, however, to find that Hobbes, with that saving common sense which distinguishes him and his century from all which came after, admits in discussing the state of natural law that, "it may per adventure be thought, there was never such a time, nor condition of warre as this; and I believe it was never generally so." In saying this, Hobbes has given himself away. His body is revealed as only a marionette, made to frighten others away from what he himself fears most of all—freedom itself.

Thus Hobbes only pretends for argument's sake to believe in the natural war, but he seems to have had a real faith in that dear myth of political philosophers, the Social Contract, whose historicity is long since discredited by the anthropologists,

though the implications of the earlier faith in the legend still persist in the attitude of all States towards allegiance, loyalty and patriotism. History supplies its own argument against the use to which Hobbes puts the myth. The document which is commonly taken as the origin of modern government bears a most plausible resemblance to this fabulous contract, and it was made an effective instrument by placing in the hands of twenty-five barons, constituting the English nation, a permanent organization for making war against the king whenever he misbehaves himself.

Hobbes calls this sort of thing sedition because he so thoroughly refined the art of government as to have no further use for its reality: "To resist the sword of the commonwealth," he says, "in defence of another man, guilty or innocent, no man hath liberty; because such liberty taketh away from the sovereign, the means of protecting us." He thus breaks the mainspring of freedom, saying that "it is destructive of the very essence of government," by jerking the strings of his boggy, the recurrence of the no-State, which he has the candour to disbelieve and perspicacity to use in argument. The suspicion is imperative that his arguments based upon the social contract are of like pragmatic character, with all the essential insincerity of that school of epistemology. When Hobbes says that "every subject is author of every act that his sovereign doeth" perspicacity and common sense are inoperative, realism drops away with rationalism, and he is certainly dead above the eyebrows. Nothing could be more arbitrary, nothing more abstractly disconnected with the facts of life than this nonsense that is solemnly propounded as truth. Here at least is a dogma unsusceptible of Newman's grammar of faith; it is *not* "easy to believe." But it is certainly "useful to believe" if one wants to prove "the liberty of the subject consistent with the unlimited power of the sovereign." It serves a greater purpose in affording a quasi-rational basis for the doctrine of a general will of the State, mystically to be discerned apart from the separate wills of those in control of the State, a doctrine which an abuse of biology has established as orthodox in the dogma of the social organism. This biological subterfuge of absolutism is expressed in the titled frontispiece of Hobbes's work which shows a monster made of many little men, with the head, now of Charles I, now of Cromwell, a crowned monster from whose decision there is no appeal, for in his right hand he carries a sword, and in his left an episcopal crook. The doctrine is brought almost to complete expression in Hobbes's warning against the growth of large towns and corporations, which in his view are, as it were, "lesser commonwealths in the bowels of the greater, like worms in the entrails of the natural man."

Perhaps Hobbes does not give the doctrine of the organic will any fully reasoned statement because his common sense made it clear to him that it was too easily made useless to sovereigns. Rousseau developed the idea in order to claim that although the State was endowed with a will, nevertheless because the State is not a perfect representative of society, its will is not always in accord with the will of God. But the breezy Swiss did not descend from the thin heights of metaphysics; his declamation is of no real value. Perhaps the perspicacity of Hobbes extended to the possibility that some one would induce his

worms to turn and rend the bowels of the all-State by the arrant flattery of endowing them every one with little mystical wills of their own. This has actually been attempted by Otto von Gierke, apparently for pragmatic reasons. He admits that a diligent search through all the scholastics from whom he draws his theory of the group, failed to discover a single protagonist of the doctrine of social organisms. The idea of the personality of the group is indeed expressly refuted by St. Thomas Aquinas, though used by the Papacy in common with all other States. Gierke's manipulation is useful at least in bringing the doctrine at last to its absurdity. The implications of Hobbes, because they are only implications, serve to deny to subjects the right of forming corporate groups. This is a more everyday and immediate deprivation than the denial of the right of revolution, for subjects are free men and no serfs when they can form themselves into corporations as the Separatists did in the hold of the "Mayflower," soberly and in loyalty to the king, not flirting with any claims to mystical pragmatic powers.

One liberty that terror's twin allows, however, is the right of the subject to

defend his own body and to refuse to kill himself or his fellow. For it is to protect him against these material necessities that the State exists, and the subject is at liberty to refuse to obey a command which frustrates the end for which the sovereignty was ordained.

This is a vital point in the armour of the Leviathan.

Upon this ground, a man that is commanded as a Souldier to fight against the enemy, though his Sovereign have Right enough to punish his refusal with death, may nevertheless in many cases refuse, without Injustice; as when he substituteth a sufficient Souldier in his place: for in this case he deserteth not the service of the Common-wealth. And there is allowance to be made for naturall timorousnesse, not onely to women (of whom no such dangerous duty is expected), but also to men of feminine courage.

Now it is very obvious why a man born twin to terror should write in this way. But it is not wise for subjects like ourselves to enter *sotto voce*, *sub rosa* into the question of motives. Here, for no matter what unlovely reasons, Hobbes has supplied us with the essential right of refusal against the State. However, the American Legion, those good henchmen of authority, need not bother to reply. Poor Thomas has taken the teeth out of the argument himself. He points out that it is one thing to say: "Kill me, or my fellow, if you please"; another thing to say, "I will kill myself or my fellow." The last is not an obligation to the State, the first is (as many a conscientious objector has discovered).

... it may, and doth often happen in Common-wealths, that a Subject may be put to death, by the command of the Sovereign Power; and yet neither doe the other wrong; ... For though the action be against the law of Nature, as being contrary to Equitie, yet it is not an injury to [the subject] but to God. ... And when the Defence of the Common-wealth, requireth at once the help of all that are able to bear arms, every one is obliged; because otherwise the institution of the Common-wealth, which they have not the purpose, or courage to preserve, was in vain.

Lovers of authority, therefore, can again take breath in safety. The whole point has been conceded, the State is erected anew:

Common people's minds are like clean paper, fit to receive whatsoever by Publique authority shall be imprinted in them. Subjects are to be taught not to affect changes of Government, nor to dispute the sovereign power, and to have days set apart to learn their duty.

Hobbes so completely mastered the technique of war-making, that he even suggests that universities, though

apt to prove unruly, may be made instruments for the propagation of the gospel that any given war "require at once the help of all that are able to bear arms." The possibility of a recurrence of the natural war is too spectral; the myth of threatening and hostile nations proves a more convincing terror even when viewed in a quite reasonable light.

But though there had never been any time, wherein particular men were in a condition of warre one against another, yet in all times, Kings, and Persons of Sovereigne authority, because of their Independency, are in continuall jealousies, and in the state and posture of Gladiators; having their weapons pointing, and their eyes fixed on one another; that is, their Forts, Garrisons, and Guns upon the Frontiers of their Kingdomes; and continuall Spyes upon their neighbours; which is a posture of War. But because they uphold thereby, the Industry of their Subjects; there does not follow from it, that misery, which accompanies the Liberty of particular men.

Hobbes nowhere attempts to prove this last assertion, and the manifest contradiction between the opening and closing phrases would be enough to dispose of it, were not that phrase, "they uphold thereby the industry of their subject," so suggestive to our financiers. Besides, as Machiavelli has somewhere remarked, sovereigns should never be at a loss for an enemy to distract their subjects' attention when their subjects are prone to examine too closely the nature of their authority.

The right of revolution, the right of co-operation, the right of self-defence, have all been denied in the name of the safety of the commonwealth, and while we are wondering what there is left to make safety itself desirable—unless it be indeed Hobbes's much prized privilege of longevity—we are comforted by the assurance that intellectual freedom is our own. It is the duty of the subject only to obey the law, he need not believe in it. It is not possible to take this immoral use of a valuable distinction very seriously, for Hobbes says that in the State of nature there is neither justice nor injustice, all things of the mind owe their existence to the contract which created the State. Hobbes shows us his true idea of freedom in determining how the liberty of subjects ought to be measured.

In the act of our submission to our sovereign, consisteth both our obligation and our liberty . . . there being no obligation on any man which ariseth not from some act of his own, for all men are by nature free . . . for there are few so foolish that had not rather govern themselves than be governed by others.

Thus the primary principles of liberalism under Hobbes's naïve, abstract, but wellnigh unanswerable treatment become the foundation of the Servile State.

JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT.

(To be concluded.)

## DEMOS AT PLAY.

It is said that one may judge a man by what he does with his spare time. It is no less true that one may test a people by the use it makes of its leisure. Innate characteristics are brought forth not so much under the artificial goad of business or necessity as in those periods of freedom when one may give full scope to one's natural inclinations. A nation at play is the index of a nation at work; the ancient Athenian devotion to the drama, for example, gives assurance of the cultural development of the Greeks, while the later Roman love of luxurious feasts and gladiatorial spectacles stands as proof of the decadence of Roman civilization.

Judged according to the same standards, how do we in present-day America meet the test? Upon careful observation, it will be discovered that our

ideals of play are distinctly out of the ordinary. If we disregard the lure of the opposite sex, it is the rattle, the hobby-horse and the looking-glass that represent our most prominent non-business interests; these three toys typify the things to which we give our time and thought in the hours when we are not restrained by the necessity of earning our daily bread.

Most grown-ups delight in the playthings of children, though they scarcely ever realize that fact; for the toys of adults are never used unless they are suitably disguised; and thin though the disguise may be, it is not the custom to look behind it. Yet the childish rattle is to be found in a more or less refined form in our popular "jazz" music, in the cheering at our baseball games and college rallies, in the blaring of horns on New Year's Day, in the banging of fireworks on the Fourth of July, and even in the salutes of naval guns. The hobby-horse of childhood appears in an advanced stage of evolution in the ferris-wheels and scenic railways of our amusement-parks, in the automobile of the "joy-rider," and in all those devices by which men take pleasure in propelling themselves over the surface of the earth.

As for the looking-glass, it is perhaps more difficult to recognize, yet it, too, is present everywhere. In one form, of course, it is to be seen in the moving picture, in which the spectators follow the romances and adventures of imaginary heroes and heroines in order to catch glimpses of themselves, either as they think they are or as they would like to be. In this form, the looking-glass extends itself to the popular novel and to the drama; it is, indeed, of the very essence of all our literature. But the looking-glass appears in another guise when it becomes the glass in which we show to others reflections of ourselves.

There are several distinguished parts for which we commonly dress up before we proudly strut about in front of the mirror. One of the most popular of these is the rôle of Wealth; for this, the procedure is to procure an expensive-looking costume (usually on the instalment plan), to purchase a mirror with a golden frame, place it in a select and public place, and then enjoy oneself standing conspicuously in front of it. Those who gaze into the glass will then observe a reflection that actually bears not the slightest resemblance to the original; and, as a result, the *poseur* will be much gratified and entertained. The cost of this form of amusement may run high; the owner of the looking-glass may even be obliged to eat scantily or to mortgage his home; but such considerations as these will not counteract his satisfaction at having been seen by his fellows in the robes of Wealth.

Another disguise with which we customarily amuse ourselves is that of Respectability. Could others see through this disguise, we should amuse them also; instead, we generally accomplish our purpose in impressing them. The formula in this case is to apply a little artificial Dignity and the smooth polish of Conventionality; to practice the arts of Imitation until we have attained proficiency, and scrupulously to avoid anything that smacks of being natural or original. If we are aided by the silks and satins of Wealth or by the stilts of Social Position, we shall find our object far easier to attain. In private, of course, we may conduct ourselves as we will; we may violate the Ten Commandments to our heart's content, but so long as we appear in public carefully rouged and polished with Conventionality, we shall remain within the pale of the Respectable; and if we are skilful actors, everybody will take us for what we appear to be, and we shall derive intense enjoyment from the game.

Another popular form of disguise is that of Authority. It is to be found in many forms, from that which the parent or the teacher wears in order to make an impression upon the child, to that which the politician employs to gain votes for himself and his party. The mask that is worn in this instance is distinguished by being painted with the marks of Knowledge, and by being worn high, so as to give an appearance of Superiority; the Knowledge may be of the plaster variety, and the Superiority may be a sheer illusion, but whether they be genuine or not is merely a theoretical question, and does not in any way pertain to the pleasure which the wearer derives from wearing the disguise. This mask of Authority is a favourite source of amusement for the orator, who may have nothing else to recommend himself and his opinions save only a loud voice; or of the teacher, who often mistakes an obligation to educate a few children for a duty to instruct all men; or of the self-appointed critic of things in general, who may succeed in cloaking his shallowness and ignorance beneath a colossal presumption. The mask of Authority is especially attractive because of the deference that is paid it, for the world will bow down before its wearer and take it for granted that he must be obeyed; and since most men enjoy being honoured in this way, the garb of Authority is perhaps the most highly prized by those in search of recreation.

He whose favourite toy is the looking-glass—he who wears a mask and delights in having others observe his proud reflection—represents our highest class of citizen. His form of amusement is regarded as creditable and refined, and quite beyond the appreciation of the vulgar. Accordingly, he looks down upon those who resort to the rattle and the hobby-horse. It is a sign of our democracy, however, that the same person will often favour all three forms of diversion; and while there are social lines in recreation, as in most other things, they are not impassable; and the fact that a person enjoys a trip to Coney Island, does not prevent him from strutting about at home in the mask of Respectability or even of Authority.

It is fortunate, indeed, that we enjoy this democracy of amusement, for really there is little to choose between the rattle, the hobby-horse, and the looking-glass. None of the three is any less worthy than the others. One can not but wonder, therefore, how our standards in these matters came to be adjusted so nicely. Is the merit of these three toys determined by the people as a whole? Does the average citizen deserve to be praised for finding his chief entertainment in a rattle, a hobby-horse, or a looking-glass? Should we commend him for scorning the poor diversions of the few who find delight in things so trivial as a painting, a poem or a song? Ah, no, indeed—pleasant though it would be to give all the credit to the common man, it must be admitted that the ultimate reasons lie deeply embedded in our habits of life, in the very structure of our society, for these are skilfully designed to stimulate to the full our interest in these toys.

First of all, in this regard, our system of popular education deserves high tribute. By emphasizing superficials, it tends to develop early in a child's life a passion for the looking-glass; by keeping commercial ends in view, it encourages the student to wear the mask of Wealth; and by following standardized conventions, it makes Respectability the most desirable of disguises. Negatively, by carefully avoiding an impractical, catholic interest in all phases of life, and by the zeal with which it seeks to mummify science and

literature, our educational system tends to leave its victims devoid of acquired resources, so that we must perforce turn back to the toys of our childhood.

Education, however, does not deserve all the credit. Many of those who devote their spare time to playing with the rattle and the hobby-horse have had but a limited education; otherwise, of course, they might have been made capable of taking an interest in the looking-glass. Inherent incapacity to appreciate anything more complex than the rattle is a factor that can not be overlooked; but it must be admitted that a still more important element is lack of opportunity. This, of course, is a very fortunate thing, for it is true that many men, if given half a chance, would waver in their loyalty to the rattle, and even to the looking-glass, and instead would devote themselves to art, to science, to engineering, and would forget the existence of the toys that now amuse them. Fortunately, however, they are restrained by their need of food and clothing and shelter from going so far astray; during the day they labour in mines and factories, in stores and offices; and in the evening they return to their skimpy and crowded apartments or to ugly tenements, dirty, noisy and ill-made; with the result that whatever tendency they may have to larger interests is effectively checked, and that they are glad to divert themselves with a rattle or a hobby-horse.

However, it must be said that there are many who would not choose other toys even were they entirely free to do so. They would bitterly resent any intrusion on the domain of the rattle; if need be, they would take up arms in its defence. This is the spirit that accomplishes things; this is the spirit that has brought the rattle to the highest point it has attained in the world's history. It is this spirit which seems likely to perpetuate the advantages we now enjoy, and to make the present era for ever memorable as the Golden Age of the Rattle, the Hobby-Horse, and the Looking-Glass.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

### A SEER OF THE REVOLUTION.

BALMONT, Briusov, Biely, Blok, Baltrushaitis: among the celebrated B's of the Russian symbolists, Alexander Blok, who died recently at Petrograd, occupied a unique place. Blok, the poet, is not unknown to the English-reading public, his "Twelve" having placed him before it as the seer of the Revolution. His prose writings are hardly familiar to non-Russians, yet in these the mystic poet is even more accessible and outspoken.

Alexander Blok belongs to those who have chosen to accept the revolution as an elemental avalanche, the values of which are not yet to be determined. He does not glorify the new order, he does not condone the excesses and the acts of unnecessary destruction committed by the victorious class, nor does he pretend to feel quite comfortable under the new skies and under the new Tables. He is impatient, however, with those who accuse and condemn and sputter indignation at "Ham Triumphant" in the manner of Merezhkovsky, Hippus, Filosofov, Kuprin, Yablonovsky, and the lesser lights of the exiled intelligentsia. To these he speaks with the bitterness of a brother and a fellow-thinker. He reminds them of the joint responsibility of the educated generations, "links of one chain," for the resentment felt by the masses towards established institutions. After long years of corrupted politics, of crooked courts, of mercenary clergy, of noblemen's nests reeking with rapine and arrogance, how could one expect the masses to respect Constituent As-

semblies, judiciary chambers, churches, manors, and similar relics of the Cherry Orchard?

"The sins of our fathers lie upon us," says Blok to his confrères. He might lay the blame at the door of Peter the Great, who rent the nation in two by accelerating the Westernization of the gentry, while leaving the masses in *status quo ante*. The gulf between the two Russias widened and deepened increasingly, creating in the long run a mutual estrangement and hostility, and a bad conscience in the privileged minority. In vain did the repentant nobles attempt to atone by going "to the people": the two elements did not mix. In the heart of the intelligentsia, sympathy and pity for the people were coupled with fear and apprehension before this unknown quantity, the "Sphinx," whom even Turgenev dreaded in the period of his *senilia*.

Blok was a Narodnik, a Socialist-Revolutionist of the Left. The people, "Russia," was at once his starting-point and his ultimate goal. He uses the term Russia not sociologically nor politically, but "musically," as "a certain amalgam, ever changing its external form, fleeting like the world of Heraclitus, and yet unchanging in something fundamental." His Russia is a complex orchestral piece whose motives are vague and fugitive even for the finest ear. Russia is to him the "child of Gogol," the Gogol of the passionate apostrophe:

Rus! Rus! What incomprehensible mysterious power draws one to you, and why does there always ring in one's ears your sorrowful song, rolling through all your length and breadth, from sea to sea? What lies in it, in this song? What is it that calls and sobs and grips one's heart? Rus! What is it that you want of me? What incomprehensible mysterious bond links us?

Blok fondly dwells on Gogol's conception of Russia as a *troyka*, a team of three horses abreast, madly tearing ahead through infinite space. But while Gogol perceives the song of Russia as accompanied by the melodious bells of the *troyka*, Blok, seven decades later, hears new sounds—an ominous "rumbling, remote but approaching." Ten years before the revolution the sensitive ear of the young poet begins to register disquieting notes in the orchestra. What he asks, if the *troyka* is rushing straight upon us; and gravely he surmises that, in devoting itself to the people, the intelligentsia is "hurling itself under the hoofs of the mad *troyka*, to certain destruction."

When the revolution came, Blok scoffed at the "indignant" intelligentsia: "What did you think? That the revolution would be an idyl. . . . That the people are sweet, young innocents?" Blok had foreseen clearly enough that the music of the revolution would be far from pastoral. Soon after the earthquake in Sicily, he read a paper before the Religious-Philosophic Society at Petrograd on "Elemental Forces and Culture." He questioned the safety of the intelligentsia, the culture-bearers of Russia; "are we sure," he said, thinking of Sicily, "that the crust has grown hard over the equally terrible element, not the subterranean but the terrestrial element, that of the people?" He foresaw the advent of the awesome fire, uncertain as to whether this fire would be purifying or merely destructive.

In any case [he concluded] we are living through a terrible crisis. We do not know as yet with precision the nature of the events we are to expect, but in our hearts the seismographic needle has already oscillated. We see ourselves already, as it were, on the background of a conflagration, mounted in a light, lacy aeroplane, high above the earth; and, beneath us, a thundering fire-belching mountain, along which in the wake of clouds of ashes creep unleashed streams of hot lava.

Time and again during those ten years, Blok sounded the alarm in regard to the destiny of the intelligentsia. There was a deep pathos in his mingled feeling of fear and love for the people; and there was more than a rich imagism in Blok's description of the sense of oppressive darkness which the intelligentsia felt descending lower and lower; darkness caused by the "overhanging shaggy breasts of the horses, whose heavy hoofs are about to fall," the horses of Gogol's *troyka*.

Then it came, with thunderous roaring, with unexpected dissonances. Will the intelligentsia survive, or will it be

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crushed under the horses' hoofs? He who has ears, let him hear. He who grasps the essential motive of the music of the revolution will lose neither head or heart. Of what import are temporary trials, excesses, blows, humiliations, privations, in the aspect of the main theme of the orchestra: "To transform everything. . . . To change our lying, filthy, tedious, ugly life into a just, clean, joyous, beautiful life." Such is the theme of the Russian Revolution, and such is the roar of its torrent: "To raise a world cyclone which should bring into snow-buried lands the warm breeze and the tender odour of orange groves; which should moisten the sun-parched steppes of the south with the cool rain of the north."

Blok survived the onrush of the *troyka*. He who had seen all the coarseness and brutality of Red Russia, and has painted this "unhallowed, unblessed" Russia in his apocalyptic "Twelve," strained his mystic eye and perceived in front of the twelve Red apostles—"in a white wreath of roses, Jesus Christos." He peered into the fire and found it not only destructive but also purifying. He pressed his ear to the earth and came to believe that the elemental forces possess a dormant creativeness. The dark people "may in the future utter words the like of which our tired, stale, bookish literature has not spoken for a long time." One need only listen well. He concludes his appeal, or philippic, "The Intelligentsia and the Revolution," with the musical refrain:

With all your body, with all your heart, with all your consciousness—listen to the Revolution.

Reality was to bruise the wings of Blok's romantic-mystic dream. The "world cyclone" has petered out into a tempest in a bowl of water, while in Russia the "transformation of everything" is undergoing further metamorphoses which ominously recall old, all-too-familiar forms. But Alexander Blok exhorts his faint-hearted brothers:

To live is worthy only when you present to life boundless demands: everything or nothing; when you expect the unexpected; when you believe not in 'what does not exist in the world,' but in what ought to be in the world. This may not come to-day; it may not come for a long time. But life will yield it to us, for life is beautiful.

ALEXANDER KAUN.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

### SPAIN IN WAR-TIME.

SIRS: One section at least of Spanish society is thoroughly enjoying the Moroccan war. Among the masses of the people there is no enthusiasm, but rather a sullen and growing discontent; though I admit that the Madrid bull-ring the other Sunday rose and cheered and flung patriotic *pesetas* into the ring for the "wounded heroes of Melilla." But then the bull-ring crowd in these days is rather like an English race-course crowd; and hysterical patriotism is always to be drawn from that particular type by a little adroit theatricality.

The masses are sullen and discontented. The business men—except those who are getting a share of the graft—are not over-happy. There are new taxes in sight. But the ladies of the bourgeoisie and the idle folk generally are just wallowing in war.

Think what a tantalizing time they have had of it these past years. Think of the suppressed emotions: suppressed in neutral Spain, while they effervesced champagne-wise over nearly all Europe and America; and guess what a relief it must be now that Spain herself is at war.

These poor *señores* and *señoritas*! They had to look on passively while in France and Germany, in England and Italy and America—even in little next-door Portugal—their sisters knitted mufflers and ran flag-days and adopted lonely soldiers and poured out a flood of sentiment over the "boys at the front." But now they have a war all to themselves. Only a little war perhaps. But never mind; a real war in which real men are getting really killed. A war to which troops can be sent off with cheering and throwing of flowers and of kisses, and from

which men come back as genuinely mangled and wounded as if they had been in the great war itself.

So with a yell of joy they have gone—after the manner of their kind—to war. All the best, and all the bourgeois families of Spain are throbbing with happy war-time activity, and with all the appropriate accompanying sentiments. Committees are being formed, and hospitals opened, and bandages rolled. Funds are being raised for this and for that. Each big town will present—by private subscription—an aeroplane to the forces of His Most Catholic Majesty. Each battalion that goes to the war must be sent off with gifts of chocolate and of holy medals—and, of course, with flowers and kisses. Each convoy of wounded must be greeted with sighs of pity for the wounded heroes and with consoling assurance that their sufferings are for the honour of Spain and will never be forgotten by a grateful country. Everywhere, among these eager war-lovers, there is the stern resolve to see it through, to avenge the lost battalions of Annal, to restore the military glory of Spain, at whatever cost—to the fighting men.

It is all so strange and yet so familiar. It is a sudden recapturing of a dead experience: an experience that we in England had in 1914-15; you in America in 1917-18; that strange vicarious enjoyment of war of which we English certainly, you Americans not quite so certainly or completely, were cured by war itself. It is as though the "morning after" some wild revel, one went, weary and with aching head, into a friend's house, and there found another revel in full swing. It is so real, and so unreal; and one is so acutely conscious of what—if this Moroccan war prove in any way serious—will follow it.

One knows what these same thrilled *señores* will be saying of these same "heroes of Melilla" in another year or two. I think the heroes themselves know it too. For, as I have said, outside the ranks of the knitters of socks and throwers of flowers, outside the ranks of the elderly gentlemen who slaughter Riffs over their coffee and shoe-shine, outside the ranks of the stay-at-home colonels and the Church and the Court, there is little enough love for this African war.

I have seen several battalions go off to the front. But, for all the sweets and flowers, they went gloomily, without enthusiasm, without conviction. They go, these sturdy peasant soldiers, because they are soldiers and an order has been given. But that is all.

Your men and ours went to France in a quite other spirit. They, at least, thought they knew what they were fighting for. They went to fight against militarism, to make war for ever impossible, to rescue Belgium, to establish democracy, to guard the homeland against a savage and threatening enemy. Maybe they were humbugged. After seeing it through they are now beginning to see through it. But when they went, they thought they knew: and even the bulk of the conscripts went not unwillingly.

But these Spanish boys have no inspiration at all. No one tells them what they are fighting for. There is not even a plausible tale that can be told. All that the colonels can do when they are haranguing their regiments on the eve of embarkation is to talk vaguely about the honour of the flag, and to warn their men that to desert is even more dangerous than to fight. That does not evoke much enthusiasm. I scarcely think it will inspire good fighting.

"Why are you going to fight?" I asked one Catalonian soldier five minutes before he embarked. "It is war—*es la guerra*," he answered simply. "But why?" I insisted. He looked puzzled. "Against the Moors," he said. "But why are you fighting the Moors?" "I don't know. It is war." Then, with sudden inspiration: "The war. Like the war against the Germans." That was all that it meant to him—that, and that very emphatically he didn't want to go, because he had no wish to be killed. He was convinced that he would never come back to Spain. He had not the foggiest idea of what he was fighting for. But he went. "*Es la guerra*."

Elsewhere I found more understanding. The Spanish Socialists—riven by internal dissensions, lacking strong and imaginative leadership—are not putting up a good fight against the war. (The Communists pulled off a general strike in Bilbao, but it got no response elsewhere.) But, at least, they seem to have got the economic interpretation of war into the workers' heads.

Asking that same touchstone question: "What is the war about?" I got, from quite unexpected people, the swift answer, "Coal- and iron-mines. The Moors have mines. Our Government wants to take them." These people seem to understand well enough. But when I asked: "Then why don't you do something about it? Why is there no anti-war movement?" I would get the answer, "What can we do? The Government is strong, and there are no leaders."

That is the tragedy. The Communists are, in most places, a small and hunted party, their leaders jailed, their papers suppressed. The Right-Wing Socialist leaders lack courage and initiative. The trade-union movement is hopelessly divided. Nor is there any aid from the Liberals. They are carrying on a campaign against the Conservative Government and against the military juntas which, with Don Alfonso himself, really rule Spain. But it is not a campaign against the war. The Liberals themselves are too deeply committed to the Moroccan adventure. Count Romanones, the leader of the party, has big financial interests there. So the Liberals attack not the war, but its conduct. The disasters, they say—with a great deal of truth—are the fault of the military clique and of the King. General Silvestre, a personal protégé of Alfonso XIII, by his rashness and brutality provoked the fighting, and by his folly brought the catastrophe in which he lost his life and his army; and Silvestre, with the direct connivance of the King himself, acted against orders.

That may all be true—I think it is—and anyway it is obviously fine material for party-warfare. But it isn't anti-war, and it doesn't get the country anywhere. The chatter in the Liberal press about a policy of "pacific penetration" is—just chatter. One thing is certainly obvious. Spain has either got to clear out of Morocco or to conquer it by force of arms.

Is that possible? Probably, in the long run, yes. But it will be a very long run, and a very costly one. The papers assure you that tanks and poison-gas will "restore the honour of Spain." But, as a matter of fact, tanks and poison-gas are of little use in warfare of this kind.

This Moroccan campaign is very like the one England had to face in the Boer War. The Moors are adopting tactics very similar to those of the Boers; and they have found a brilliant leader in Abd-el-Krim. The conquest of the Boer republics took three years and three hundred thousand men. It cost Great Britain—I forget how many hundred million pounds. Can Spain afford that? I doubt it. But what will come? A financial crash? A revolution? Abandonment of Morocco? French intervention? Who knows?

If only that leader could be found—

Anyway, I am sure that long before the Riff is "pacified," those *señores* and *señoritas* will have wearied of sock-knitting and of flower-throwing. And the "heroes of Melilla" will have become to them not "heroes" any longer, but a bore and a nuisance. I am, etc.,  
*Madrid, Spain.*

W. N. EWER.

## MISCELLANY.

I HAVE just received a copy of the first number of *Broom*, the new international magazine of the arts published by Americans in Italy, of which Messrs. Alfred Kreyenborg and Harold Loeb are the editors. For some time I had been hearing rumours of this venture, but I was not prepared for anything so ambitious, and at once so promising and so successful, as the magazine which, with its Roman postmark, now lies before me. The editors are to be congratulated, first of all, on the physical appearance of these large, clear, plain pages, printed on

excellent paper, with ample margins. They have also, as it seems to me on a first reading, maintained an almost uniformly high standard in their contributions. Among the reproductions of paintings and drawings, I should like to mention especially the frontispiece, "Brooklyn Bridge," by Joseph Stella, André Derain's "Portrait," the surprisingly beautiful nude by Bepi Fabiano, and Igor Strawinsky's powerful portrait-sketch of Picasso. Of the abundant offerings of the other contributors, I have detected none that strikes me as absolutely falling short of the measure set by the best of them: one or two of the poets, if I am to judge by what I have previously seen of their work, have "scored" here for the first time. A magazine that is able to obtain excellent work from writers whose work is not always excellent has greater power in reserve than one that depends only on the dependable.

Of established writers a number, to be sure, appear in these pages. Mr. James Stephens has given us more brilliant studies than "Hunger": brilliant is not the word here at all, the sketch is a monotone, but the author was never more poignant. Then we have a story by Mr. J. D. Beresford, an extremely suggestive if somewhat debatable essay on criticism by Mr. Conrad Aiken, a group of Mr. Powys Mathers's Chinese poems, a charming impression by Miss Amy Lowell, a new departure in the short story by Mr. James Oppenheim. The name of Manuel Komroff is unfamiliar to me, but one of the happiest notes in the magazine is struck by the satirical symposium in which he reveals the painful respectability of the profession of begging. I am also delighted to see here another of those luminous little fantasies of Mr. Haniel Long, suggestive of the Italian eighteenth century and so singularly pure in line, which have been appearing in the *Double-Dealer*; and Mr. Untermeyer's parodies are unusually neat.

IN short, the magazine (which by the way has an American agency at 3 East 9th Street, New York City) has made a most ingratiating bow, and if there is anything in it that particularly pleases me it is the note of catholicity and inclusiveness. The point, in the post-script, "America Invades Europe," that the younger generation of American writers have leaned too exclusively towards France, is well taken; in fact, this whole analysis of the oversophisticated intellect of "America's latest self-appointed élite" is very apt. "It is to be hoped," says the writer, Miss Emmy Veronica Sanders, "that Europe's contact with modern America of the last decade will not be limited to contact with extremist tendencies only." This hope the editors of *Broom* appear to be anxious to fulfil. It is a great pleasure, moreover, to see the literary and artistic representatives of so many nationalities assembled under American auspices. The contributors to the present issue include, we are told, Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Chinese, Indians, Australians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Germans and Russians. This League of Nations in Rome at least has already accomplished something creditable—which is more than can be said for the other League at Geneva.

A LITTLE while ago in these columns I remarked upon the excellent work that is now being done in this country in etching, lithography, and colour-blocks; and there has since come into my hands a book and a portfolio of drawings which have made me hope that some of our modern artists whose work is never to be found in the galleries, may be on the point of gaining as much appreciation as Rowlandson or Hogarth did in their day. The book to which I refer is a tribute to Mr. J. J. Lankes, the wood-engraver, by Mr. Bolton Brown, and it is published in Kansas City by Mr. Alfred Fowler. Am I too sanguine in looking upon this recognition of one of our younger artists as yet another evidence of that stirring in the arts which seems to be working through the heavy dough of Mid-America? In early pioneering days we had artists a-plenty in America, from Hiram Powers, a

Cincinnati lad, onward; but not until recent years has the compact soil of our commercial life been broken up sufficiently to permit our poets and artists and writers to take root. American art, therefore, has always been more or less expatriate, either in the sense that the artist has generally chosen to live in another country, like Henry James or Whistler, or that he has withdrawn, as Poe and Hawthorne and Ryder did, to the polar regions of the mind.

THE fact that American art, below the superficialities of "local colour" has been lacking in regional influences, has failed to make it universal in its appeal. The aversions and privacies that have resulted hitherto from the artist's failure to plant himself in a genial soil, have made the cultivation of a universal quality wellnigh impossible. The artist in America has suffered in his intercourse with life because of the necessity which he has been under to hedge himself against the acerbities of his environment; to speak in the language of the economist, his art has been a sort of infant industry whose protective tariff has sapped the vitality of all his other avenues of trade. Our two outstanding men of letters, Thoreau and Whitman, who were still sufficiently addicted to the natural charm of the American scene to resist all temptations to travel outside of it, are, curiously enough, the very two who have achieved a world-wide audience, who evoke a vivid response from communities as different as those represented by M. Anatole France and Mr. Rabindranath Tagore.

If these facts are not simply accidental, it is surely not unreasonable to welcome the change that seems now to be taking place in the cultivation of the arts in this country, and in particular, in the extension of the field from New England and New York to the vast hinterland beyond. I have always felt that Mr. Mencken drew a long bow when he boldly assured the English that Chicago was the new literary capital of America; but a pragmatic lie of this nature is perhaps more imperative than the lean truth. Our old political localisms are as dead as a door nail; and the dwellers in Gopher Prairie are culturally provincial chiefly because they are so abjectly dependent upon New York. The sort of provincialism that is dangerous to the humanities is that which is easily complacent over the output of nails, typewriters, or steam-shovels and is blind to the cultivation of men. A provincialism which shows concern about art and letters, however, is not in the least contemptible, even if its early achievements seem inferior to the carefully labelled and advertised metropolitan product.

In the days when art flourished in Italy like a green bay tree, Florence, Venice and Verona were as eminent as Rome; when German philosophy extended its wings to widest span, Koenigsberg and Weimar were not less important than Berlin. The modern ascendancy of the great capitals is merely a political and economic phenomenon: it is not so much that the great cities have served culture as that culture has been a useful hand-maiden of the political State, through whose concentration of power and unrelenting service of privilege the great city has grown. It is the revival of those earlier conditions under which localism and humanism went hand in hand, that the regionalist movements of Europe are now so actively seeking to establish; and it strikes me as being time that we saw the significance and value of a regionalist movement in America. This little book from Kansas City which lies before me, is but a straw in the wind; but by the way such straws are whirling about I begin to hope that a gale may some day come blowing out of the West.

THE other publication that has just reached me is a portfolio of drawings by Mr. Donald Corley. They bring to mind certain prints in the Queen Anne Room at the Metropolitan Museum from whose letter-press I learn that in the eighteenth century such prints were lent out

by London stationers for an evening's entertainment, just as the film of a motion-picture might be loaned in these days to a very modern family. The popularity of the print room at the New York Public Library, which, by the way, performs a similar service without fee, is perhaps an indication that we are back again in an age when people will turn for study and refreshment to a portfolio of prints. Mr. Corley has perhaps been struck by this renaissance popular interest in prints; at any rate, the Arts Press has taken the adventurous step of publishing twenty-four of his meritorious drawings. Here is an enterprise that deserves a goodly measure of success. One of the best ways to encourage art is to encourage the artist to the extent that he will be able to concentrate his dissatisfaction upon his work rather than upon the inadequacy of his livelihood. If Mr. Corley succeeds with his portfolio, I hope that other artists will be encouraged to follow his example. JOURNEYMAN.

## THE THEATRE.

### DULCY'S WORLD.

ON the surface, "Dulcy" is not a play for criticism; it is a tasty dish that has been cooked up in good Broadway fashion for the delectation of a Broadway audience, that ambling crowd which desires beyond all else the opportunity to leave, for a little while, some of its boredom and restlessness with the ticket-collector at the door of a theatre or cinema. Judged from this standpoint, there is little to be said about this new comedy at the Frazee Theatre except that it adequately fills the bill. Like good salesmen, the authors, Messrs. Kaufman and Connolly, have striven to please; and those whom they have striven to please are pleased, and there would be an end of the matter, as far as criticism goes, were it not for the fact that the play undoubtedly has possibilities for a profound satire, possibilities which the authors have most lamentably overlooked in their amiable pursuit of the obvious.

The entertaining feature about "Dulcy," as the audience seizes it, is that the heroine for whom the play is named appears to be little better than a moron. Probably this characterization was in the authors' minds from the beginning, and Miss Lynn Fontanne maliciously accentuates the note with a fatuous laugh which, as the play progresses, reaches a pitch of imbecility that positively hurts. This Dulcy is, in fact, a half-of-one-per-cent intellectual, to whom sunsets and scenario-writers and a box of chocolates are all equally wonderful. She is young, married, and solicitous over her husband's business; but alas! all her good intentions are singly and collectively disastrous. Her banalities, her ineptitudes, her headstrong efforts at entertainment, her desire to be charming and attractive at all costs, in other words, the very same social misdemeanours that the greater part of the audience must have been guilty of nearly every day of their lives, are all piled together for the effect of increasing the smug conviction of the groundlings that the girl is a fool, and that the society she moves in is, by comparison, entirely inhabited by captains of industry, efficiency experts and other intellectual giants. The reason for this vilification of poor Dulcy is not far to seek: the girl is a scapegoat, and she is made to suffer so that the inhabitants of the stalls and balconies may feel purged of yesterday's platitudes and to-day's obtuseness. They laugh at Dulcy so readily because they have not dared to laugh at themselves. They laugh—but the laughter is not healthy, it is as pathological as Dulcy's.

Now, the fact is that a comedy may be written with sympathy and understanding without taking away

cause for a single honest laugh or putting so much as a spider-web barrier in the path of amusement. What is deeply wrong with "Dulcy," and what at bottom makes it a false, corrupting bit of entertainment, is that it lacks humanity. The sense of humour it excites is that which certain people and many children feel in the presence of a hunchback or a dwarf. This idea may seem a little extravagant in the face of a palpably well-intentioned desire to produce nothing but a "harmless evening's entertainment"; but the truth of the matter is that, when Messrs. Kaufman and Connolly's shafts are not directed at Dulcy because she is to all appearances a mere fool, they strike her where she is humane and lovely. Thus a little candid reflection would show, I believe, that the only three sensible and charming and worldly-wise people in the play are the three women, with their several varieties of commercial incapacity, whereas the truly ridiculous elements are the men, and the society in which the men—and incidentally the audience—live and move and have their being. Compared with the slick young advertising man, the fatuous movie-playwright and the shrewd business men, Dulcy's limitations are trifling and forgivable, and the sort of society in which the Dulcys of the world would hold their own against all scorners is on the safe side of Utopia. Except for their incidental satire of the advertising and motion-picture games, the authors of "Dulcy," it seems to me, miss this fact pretty completely.

Yet there are moments during the play when Messrs. Kaufman and Connolly seem indeed to have caught a glimmer of this point, but only to lose it again in their seeming attempts to increase the arithmetical ratio of laughs to lines of dialogue. Empty and shallow and brainless though this young lady is made to appear, she nevertheless, on the authors' own showing, has taken a forger out of Sing Sing under suspended sentence and given him a chance by engaging him as a butler; she has genuine taste for flowers and exhibits her skill in arranging a couple of charming posies; she is profoundly interested in the most ancient of woman's professions, matchmaking; and, although she gives no direct evidence of it, there is that about her which makes one feel that she would have a nice way with children. What more can one ask of a human creature? In a world fit for children to live in, Dulcy would be equal to almost any occasion; and in that kindlier world Dulcy would not be obliged to make a sham and a fool of herself by affecting rapture over music that she did not understand and interest in business deals that were far below her quite simple morality. After listening to the inane seriousness of the various representatives of the commercial world who are introduced into the play with an occasional deftly satiric touch, I found myself sympathizing with the romantic *ingénue* when she cries out passionately: "A girl wants something real—not a business man."

Had Messrs. Kaufman and Connolly been keen witted enough to perceive that Dulcy's world is, after all, the real world—a world that has room for flowers and babies and jolly flirtations and sport—Dulcy's promise of horseback riding and golf would not have been made to appear ridiculous, but rather the inability of the sedentary business man to enter with her into the fun of the game. One feels that a writer of more understanding, like Sir James Barrie, would have shown up Dulcy as a terrible baby without making her a butt and a laughingstock. Thus, for example, that charming comedy, "The Admirable Crichton," leaves the spectator not merely laughing, though with a touch of sadness, at the butler who is so ready to re-enter

his old mould, but it leaves him also mulling curiously over a social system that condemns so many admirable Crichtons and brave Hampdens and mute, inglorious Miltons to spend their lives in sullen tasks far below their intellectual and spiritual levels; it is this second consideration that keeps the sense of fun over another human being's humiliation from being mere callous depravity.

A somewhat similar development might have been worked out in "Dulcy" instead of the string of plausible conventionalities that finally peter out in a happy ending. It would doubtless have taken much more thought and effort to turn Dulcy into a three-dimensional human being, and to invent situations in which the business men in the play would have found themselves in embarrassed conflict with Dulcy's world; in fact, it would have needed a measure of social and intellectual emancipation to have achieved this. No wonder the authors balked; and no wonder Broadway is so unctuously satisfied with what the authors have given it. If Sisyphus were relieved of his job, Samuel Butler once said, he would long for the old hill, the old stone, and the old task; and so it is that an enslaved mind enjoys the familiar touch and rattle of its chains. It is enough to say that people steeped in the propaganda of the advertising page, and inured to the deadly ritual of our go-ahead American life, can rise from a visit to "Dulcy" with not a single rivet broken.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### THE FREEDOM OF THE BOTTOM OF THE SEAS.

SIRS: I have read with very great interest the paper entitled, "The Island Where Nobody's Poor," published in your issue of 12 October. The study of shell-fish rights along the Atlantic coast reveals many facts of social interest.

The early courts for some reason (either fear or righteousness) very reluctantly gave titles to the bottom of the sea. In Massachusetts, the right to grow oysters on specified grants is generally given by the towns and then only for a few years. Rights to grow other shell fish are not given. Oyster-land under private ownership has very largely passed into the hands of corporations. One of the largest of these, the Sealshipt Oyster Company, has failed, with consequent hardship and reduced production. Localities that were formerly composed of prosperous fishermen are now inhabited by discontented employees.

Fisheries bureaux of Massachusetts and other States have been steadily endeavouring for the past fifteen years to pass laws allowing private ownership of shallow water. Nothing, however, could be clearer than that, while this would increase production for a time, it would result eventually in higher prices, poorer poor and richer rich. With strange common sense, those arguing for the various bills claim that it is just as logical to own the bottom of the water privately as to own agricultural land privately. I am, etc.,  
*Brookline, Massachusetts.*

L. R. REYNOLDS.

### THE CENSUS REPORT ON FARM-VALUES.

SIRS: In your issue of 5 October you quote some figures from the 1920 census-report in regard to the value of farms and farm-land. The value of the farms (land, improvements, machinery, and stock) is given as seventy-eight billions, while the land alone is valued at fifty-five billions. According to this, over seventy per cent of the total farm-values is in the land.

Henry George long ago showed that not much reliance could be placed on the census farm-statistics. If the farm-values with which I am acquainted form any criterion for the rest of the country, these figures are ridiculously incorrect. Of course we know that they can be but guesses, since there is no accurate division of these figures anywhere. But they seem to be mighty poor guesses. In our neighbourhood, we have the Chester County farms, and their land is thought to be very good. A few miles west of us, lies Lancaster County—the garden county of the whole United States. Yet in most cases, when a farm is sold, it does not bring enough to replace the improvements. Of course, this is not to say that these farms have no land-value, but my judgment would

be that the land-values rarely equal twenty-five per cent of the full value of the farm.

If the census department would reverse its figures, I should still think their land-estimate was a little high. In Massachusetts, land and improvements are supposedly separated on the assessment-lists. But since only buildings are reckoned as improvements, and everything else—fences, drains, cultivation, orchards, etc., is classed as land, the resultant figures are of little use in showing what the economic land-value is.

When I was a resident of the State of Delaware, I tried to get a separate assessment-law passed which would really separate land-values from improvements. It was up at several sessions, and once was lost in the Senate by only one vote after passing the House by a good majority.

It is a pity that some of our States do not have such an assessment-law, as it would give us figures relative to farm-values, figures which I do not think are now obtainable anywhere. I am, etc.,  
*Parkesburg, Pennsylvania.*

HAROLD SUDELL.

#### THE LANDLORDS OF POPLAR.

SIRS: The following facts, noted by Mr. George Lansbury in the London *Daily Herald*, of 1 September, in connexion with the critical problems of unemployment and poor-relief in the borough of Poplar, London, may furnish the *Freeman* with some variations on one of its favourite themes—the taxation of land-values:

Poplar Borough Council is fighting, not only, for the equalization of rates, but also to make the ground-landlords carry their share of local burdens. Lord Tredegar is a great landowner in Poplar. He is keeping a big site idle in Bow-road, waiting for it to grow in value. Poplar Council gets no rates from this, and between his lordship and Sir Alfred Mond it can not build houses. The trustees of the Charteris estate held out of use for many years about seven acres of land in Poplar. The other day, the borough had to pay nearly £10,000 for this land, rated as agricultural! The people who will be tenants of the houses that are being built upon it will for six years have to pay toll to the extent of £3. 12s. 8d. per year for the mere right to exist in England. The Eversley family has extorted huge sums out of our poorest districts. Not one penny piece do these and other ground-landlords ever pay towards the upkeep of the borough. I am, etc.,  
*New York City.*

DOROTHY BREWSTER.

#### THE PERIL OF PALLIATIVES.

SIRS: As a believer in the economic philosophy of Henry George, allow me to enter a mild protest against the extreme simplicity with which you urge that cause. Such simplicity may make acceptance easier for *simplistes*, but with others it does great harm.

In propagating any great and truly simple truth, we must first seek the reason why it is not apparent to more people. The answer is never wholly in terms of mere stupidity. Take your argument this week (5 October), that a reduction in freight-rates will ultimately be absorbed by the landowners so that the last state of the real farmers will be as the first. Have you never heard of economic friction? Ultimately, as you say, this must come to pass, but in the meantime, while things are being readjusted, the farmer is directly benefited, times are temporarily easier, a little more prosperous; and the man who has secured all this is the true friend of the people. When by the slow grinding of the law of rent, these benefits are absorbed by the landowner, a new remedy is sought, a new saviour appears and so on *ad infinitum*. The apparent or rather the temporary gain from palliatives is what obscures the central truth. We do not make the central truth clearer to the minds of others by closing our own eyes to what is blinding them. I am, etc.,  
*Yellow Springs, Ohio.*

HORACE B. ENGLISH.

#### THE CATHOLIC LEADERS OF IRELAND.

SIRS: In his letter on Mr. St. John Ervine in the *Freeman* of 12 October, Mr. Ernest Boyd lays himself open to the same charges which he makes against the Ulster "prophet." It is not a mere peculiarity of Orange psychology to believe "the Irish Catholic is incapable of sustained and high leadership."

Such a belief is but an analysis of Catholic psychology which recognizes but one leader on earth, to wit: a prince of peace who is entirely surrounded by a heavily armed guard. I wonder how much Mr. Boyd really knows of the three "Catholic leaders" whose memories are tolerated rather than revered by the clerical army of occupation. Would it not be more proper to call them Irish leaders who professed the Catholic Faith of Peter the Fisherman rather than leaders of a religion adapted to big business?

Daniel O'Connell was the first to invite Papal disfavour

when he said, "We shall take our religion from Rome but not our politics." On more than one occasion Michael Davitt reminded the Irish members of the Roman hierarchy that Home Rule always began with the letter H. James Connolly's opinion of the religion he adorned has very profitably been accepted by the Irish masses as a plain statement of painful fact, and has contributed much to the clearing of the issues that are now being forced under his spiritual guidance. Let there be no mistake about this. James Connolly spoke for all Ireland, and to-day it is the voice of Connolly to which Ireland hearkens. Nobody can think of James Connolly without recalling to mind that other James who appears to have been forgotten in a struggle which he alone made possible, for when Ireland eventually triumphs—not along political lines with a form of government weighted down under blessings purchased at a cost—the leader of her conquering army will stand far above the dreamers of very ancient Celtic glory and the people shall call him Larkin. I am, etc.,  
*New York City.*

JOHN LYDON.

#### FOR OUR POLITICAL PRISONERS.

SIRS: The people who have been interested in the case of Mollie Steimer, Jacob Abrams, Hyman Lachowsky and Samuel Lipman, the four Russians who were given a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment for protesting against military intervention in Russia, will be glad to know that according to a letter from the United States Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, the President "has expressed a willingness to commute the sentences upon condition that they be at once deported to Russia, never to return to this country, and provided also they bear the expense of their transportation to that country. If you can arrange this latter detail action will be promptly taken."

The Attorney General has been informed that these expenses will be taken care of. In addition to the travelling expenses for the four Russians which will amount to about \$1,000, there is the necessity of fully clothing these prisoners before they leave these shores, inasmuch as they have already served two years in jail and have neither clothes nor funds in their possession.

The Political Prisoners' Defence and Relief Committee, S. Adel, Secretary, of 857 Broadway, New York City, is collecting funds for these purposes. It is expected that the prisoners will reach Ellis Island sometime after 26 October, 1921, and as soon as funds are collected, will be on their way to Russia, after a few days' stop at Ellis Island. Contributions are urgently necessary. I am, etc.,  
*New York City.*

HARRY WEINBERGER.

#### THE VALIDITY OF CRITICISM.

SIRS: The writer of the editorial entitled "Our Uncritical Critics" in the *Freeman* of 19 October, while groping along stimulating lines, falls into the identical quagmire which has bogged so many of the critics he roundly, and justly, condemns. For example, he exalts literature that is "well written" without defining what, precisely, he means by that loose term. I gather from the thing he is taking to task, namely the New York Times editorial ending with the words "John Dos Passos can write well" that he is as much confused as is the writer of that editorial.

Is there good writing apart from the sense and spirit of a book? I doubt it. Style is an integral part of the spirit of a work of literature and quite inseparable from that spirit. If Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter wrote with the cadence of Pater or the searching beauty of Mr. Joseph Conrad, either she would not be Gene Stratton-Porter or the outcome would be a curious and laughter-provoking example of literary grafting comparable with Mr. J. C. Squire's or Mr. Louis Untermeyer's parodies.

What, then, does your editorial writer mean by literature that is "well written"? Does he refer to syntax and grammar? If so, we might refer him to the antipathetic cases of Browning and Martin Tupper. Or to take another analogy, Turgenev was a greater stylist (in the sense of technical perfection), but Dostoevsky, who did not write so lucidly nor with such economy of means, was a mightier and richer spirit.

The point of the editorial is, of course, well taken, but it is one of the typical functions of the critic's office to avoid the use of terms which are so openly misleading. For the same reason that style and spirit are one, the validity of criticism is exactly equivalent to the validity and precision of the language the critic creatively selects for his purpose. I am, etc.,  
*New York City.*

PIERRE LOVING.

## BOOKS.

## THE MOTHS AND THE STAR.

ONE hundred years have passed since he died miserably in a Roman lodging, and in that time the process of making John Keats a respectable poet has been consummated. To have been panegyricized by the "atheistical" Shelley contributed little to his renown in the eyes of the English people, but when his "Life, Letters, and Literary Remains" were published a generation later by Richard Monckton Milnes he was set upon the high road to complete respectability. Since then his biography has been written by such highly genteel persons as William M. Rossetti and Sir Sidney Colvin, and the slender volume of his verse edited with loving and laborious precision by one scholiast after another. Theses for the doctorate have been written by dim-eyed young men on his debt to Shakespeare and Milton, on his metrical innovations, on his relation to the romantic movement, on a score of things which to such young men have pertinence and point. Critical estimates have been written by safe and sane critics too numerous to mention: Mr. Robert Bridges and Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Paul Elmer More and Professor Woodberry, are not untypical; and now the centenary of his death has come and gone, and the proper things have been said with propriety by all the proper persons, and there remains no reason why John Keats should not lie down with the most highly moral of bourgeois bards.

No reason, save that for those of us who should be glad to keep in our minds an image of the authentic poet, that image will be badly blurred by the comfortable agreement to forget certain features of his career and certain phases of his thought. The true Keats (if one may venture so banal a phrase), was of course far from being thoroughly respectable; he was never regarded with favour by the persons who counted in his own age. His birth in the second story of a livery stable, for one thing, and his early apprenticeship to a physician of the humbler sort, prevented his being accepted by really elegant society. He was no Lord Byron in this respect any more than in others. But even though his provenience had been unimpeachable, he would have been frowned upon for the disreputable company he kept: the jail-bird and radical Leigh Hunt, leader of the "Cockney School" and libeller of the Prince Regent; Charles Wentworth Dilke, the disciple of Godwin; Benjamin Haydon, the *enfant terrible* of the Royal Academy; the "atheistical" Shelley above referred to, who was not mentioned in polite circles by reason of that atheism and of other corruptions. These men were his closest friends, and not through any accident but through a real congruency of thought and impulse. Keats was described years later, by a friend of his medical-student days, as a member "of the sceptical and republican school—an advocate for the innovations which were making progress in his time—a fault-finder with everything established." In 1817, Keats wrote to Haydon: "I feel confident I should have been among the rebel angels had the opportunity been mine." The man who could speak of Franklin as "a philosophical Quaker, full of mean and thrifty maxims," and of the Evangelists as "men interested in the pious frauds of religion," was in none too perfect sympathy with the practical or the spiritual standards of his day.

These things have been put down, not with any desire to create a distorted picture of Keats as a revolutionary or a firebrand—which he certainly never was—

but with the hope of suggesting that he can with as much cogency be claimed for a fellow by the dissentient poets and prophets of our time as by the learned and bloodless nonentities who have made him so completely their own. If his nonconformity was less bombastic than Shelley's it was no less intense, and was perhaps in the long run more realistic and therefore more dangerous. "Hyperion," as truly as "Prometheus Unbound," is a poem of revolt against antiquer deities.

Few indeed of the contributions in the Keats Memorial Volume<sup>1</sup> remind us of the less decorous Keats. The volume is a handsomely bound and printed one, and its table of contents reads as handsomely as its cover looks. All the irreproachables, all the respectables are here. Professors of poetry jostle lecturers in English literature; the Ambassador to Italy and the Master of the Temple join their measured voices to the choir; there are knights and honourables a-plenty, and only "various reasons" forestalled the presence of an ex-prime minister and a bishop.

Here is Sir Sidney Colvin himself, with a wheezy lucubration on the manuscript of the great Nightingale ode. From this we learn, what we had never so much as suspected, that instead of "charm'd magic casements" our poet originally wrote "charm'd the wide casements," and that in the next line "perilous seas" originally read "keelless seas." One would have supposed that what he first wrote was Keats's own business and no one else's; that he published in book form what he wanted to give to the world; but Sir Sidney offers for his gratuitous impertinence only the stale apology that for "special students" it is "very interesting" to "watch and follow the writer in the very act of inspiration." . . . This one is really a little too old. . . . Here, too, is the venerable and polygraphic Mr. Saintsbury, grown reminiscent now, describing to us with sufficient humour and with uncharacteristic brevity the circumstances of his first reading of "Endymion." Such a contribution tells us little about Keats, but it tells us more than the contribution from Professor Johannes Hoops, of Heidelberg, who, in the true vein of German scholarship, proves to his own satisfaction that the famous first line of "Endymion" was suggested to Keats by a reading of Bacon's essay "Of Gardens," which contains this passage:

I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be *gardens for all the months of the year*, in which severally *things of beauty* may be then in season [Professor Hoop's italics].

Incredible as this is, it is no worse than Dr. Frederick Boas's wily detective work in tracing the last line of the Chapman sonnet—

Silent upon a peak in Darien—

to a line in Chapman's "Iliad" in which Neptune, "the great Sea-Rector," is described:

Who sate aloft, on th' utmost top, of shadie Samothrace.

Mr. J. W. Mackail, late Professor of Poetry at Oxford, becomes, in "A Note on the Composition of 'Endymion,'" downright amusing. Mr. Mackail reminds us that that poem was composed between April and November, 1817; that Keats spent those months at Carisbrooke, on the Isle of Wight, at Margate, at Canterbury, at Oxford, at Hampstead, and at Burford Bridge. He then proceeds to find, in successive passages of "Endymion," traces of the successive environments in which Keats found himself!

Even negative results here may have their value: it is, for instance, both interesting and significant that in Book III,

<sup>1</sup> "The John Keats Memorial Volume." Issued by the Keats House Committee, Hampstead, London. New York: John Lane Company. \$7.50.

written, as we have seen, entirely at Oxford, there is, so far as I can see, not a single line or phrase in which the influence of Oxford can be found.

There you have it: heads I win, tails you lose! One can not withhold a certain respect for this sort of ingenuity—it is possessed by many of our own professors of "English"—but neither can one avoid the feeling that, in view of the inefficiency of our police departments, it is wasted in the study of literature.

It is only fair to say, however, that these choice examples of professorial fatuity represent the nadir to which the prose contributions sink in this memorial volume. On a somewhat higher level, though marked by no great distinction of utterance, are the contributions from a group of writers ranging in temperament and tastes from Professor Ernest de Sélincourt and Professor A. C. Bradley to Sir Ian Hamilton and Mr. Hugh Walpole. Professor de Sélincourt writes about the poet with gravity and circumspection, but without enthusiasm, and, though he says nothing particularly fresh, he does trace not inadequately the growth and mutation of Keats's powers which developed him from the poet of exquisite sensuous experience to the poet ripened by knowledge of and reflection upon some of the more austere and bitter aspects of human life. Mr. John Bailey points out with shrewdness that Keats is pre-eminently the poet of stillness, from the last line of the Chapman sonnet to the opening lines of "Hyperion": "Deep in the shady sadness of a vale," etc.

Two more short prose contributions deserve at least brief mention, both for their intrinsic excellence and for their amusing inconsistency with each other. "John Keats," says Mr. Arthur Symonds, "at a time when the phrase had not yet been invented, practised the theory of art for art's sake. The theory is almost infallible; it is certain that a poem must be written for the poem's sake simply." But almost over the page we have Mr. Bernard Shaw, who can always be relied upon not to be dull, shattering this "art for art's sake" Keats by quoting the three stanzas from "Isabella," which describe the business enterprises of the heroine's two brothers, and by proceeding:

Everything that the Bolshevik means and feels when he uses the fatal epithet 'bourgeois' is expressed forcibly, completely, and beautifully in those three stanzas, written half a century before the huge tide of middle-class commercial optimism and complacency began to ebb in the wake of the planet Marx. Nothing could well be more literary than the wording: it is positively euphuistic. But it contains all the Factory Commission Reports that Marx read, and that Keats did not read because they were not yet written in his time. And so Keats is among the prophets with Shelley, and, had he lived, would no doubt have come down from 'Hyperions' and 'Endymions' to tin-tacks as a very full-blooded modern revolutionist.

Ironically enough—and predictably enough, too—there is almost no good verse in the volume. "Occasions" are notoriously subject to bad poetry, and the present occasion—though it be the centenary of a great poet's death—is no exception. We may always look for a good deal of the sort of meretricious stuff represented by Mr. Clinton Scollard's ode "On a Copy of Keats's 'Endymion.'" The Poet Laureate, Mr. Robert Bridges, was wiser in his generation, and submitted, not a poem written for the occasion, but some dexterously chiselled sapphics translated from the Greek, which he rightly suspected might be "not out of place in a tribute to Keats." There are competent and not wholly uninspired sonnets from Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Sturge Moore, Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, Mr. John Jay Chapman, Mr.

George M. Whicher, and Miss Edith M. Thomas. Lord Dunsany submits an astonishing piece of Mother Goose doggerel which was intended to be *tapageur* but is merely *maladroit*. Mr. John Drinkwater has a few lines in his familiar vein of puzzled severity. The least inadequate verses are those from the pens of Mr. Hardy and Miss Amy Lowell, poignant and subdued in one case, brisk and saltatory in the other.

Yet when all is said and done the fact must be faced that any great poet is difficult to write well about, and that Keats is more difficult than most. No one has written about him yet with perfect success, and there is little likelihood that anyone ever will. The subject is a sort of Bluebeard's closet into which ventures one incautious Fatima after another, only to come upon the mangled remains of her predecessors. This would be cause for profound regret if it were not that Keats's own writings—his splendid letters as well as his verse—have a certain fine sufficiency of their own.<sup>1</sup> Criticism and commentary are here peculiarly froward. This is not intended as a disparagement of the critical faculty at the expense of the creative: it is intended as a suggestion that criticism can do little to preserve a body of writing whose own athletic quality is its best gage of permanence. The romantic movement of which Keats was a part has long since spent its force; its impulses have lost their animation, and its solecisms have become idioms. Of the half-dozen figures who were its chief protagonists in England, Keats has perhaps been the least injured by the passage of time. The diabolism of Byron seems rancid now and uninteresting. Wordsworth remains in a remarkably tiny fraction of his entire writings, and his solemn philosophizing seems like "windy suspiration of forced breath." Most of Coleridge, too, has gone the way of all flesh, save for one great "lyrical ballad" and three or four other poems. Shelley remains as perhaps the greatest lyrist in English poetry, but his fiery, aerial idealism has related itself with curious imperfectness to the revolutionary ardour of our own time. The renown of Keats, on the other hand, has only strengthened itself as the years have passed since he died, and to-day, a century later, seems to be, if anything, more vigorous than ever. The truth is, he was not born for death, and no hungry generations are likely to tread him down.

NEWTON ARVIN.

## REVOLUTIONARY DOCUMENTS.

In a charming little essay on "Les Torts de l'Histoire," Anatole France remarks: "What is history? History is the written representation of past events. But what is an event? Is it any fact whatever? No, it is a notable fact. Now, how is the historian to decide whether a fact is notable or not? He does it arbitrarily, according to his taste, his caprice, his idea, as an artist in reality, because facts do not divide themselves, according to their intrinsic nature, into facts historical and facts non-historical. Moreover, a fact is something very complex. Does the historian present facts in their complexity? No, that is impossible. He represents them stripped of many of their constituent elements, and as a result cut up and mutilated, not as they really were. As to the relation of facts to one another we shall not speak." Could anything be more simple or delightful? Is this not nourishing milk for historical babes? What is a 500-page "Lehrbuch der historischen Methode" compared with this single paragraph?

Mr. Postgate's volume of revolutionary documents is done in the spirit of Anatole France.<sup>1</sup> He does not slip under our tent unawares. He comes boldly to the front

<sup>1</sup> "Revolution from 1789 to 1906." R. W. Postgate. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.50.

door and tells us that he desires to present a collection of revolutionary papers covering the period from the cataclysm of 1789 in France to the colossal Russian upheaval of 1905-06, and that he is frankly in sympathy with the more radical elements in each of the great scenes. The materials which he has chosen tell of the aspirations of the extreme Left in the grand and continuous overturning that began with the troubles of Louis Capet. Mr. Postgate has also written brief introductions that will help the reader to orient himself in this type of literature. The older bourgeois documents are not altogether overlooked. The Declaration of Independence (in part) and the Rights of Man are here, but so are Babeuf's doctrines and the Communist Manifesto. Leon Trotsky's review of the events in St. Petersburg jostles the King of Prussia's proclamation to his "beloved Berliners." The result is a valuable volume that should find its place with the more formal and academic collections. No worker in the field of European history can neglect, save at his intellectual peril, these papers. Happily, there is a daily increasing band of American students who have chosen the truth as their device and are bent on seeing things as they really are, if they can. They, in particular, will welcome Mr. Postgate's anthology, because it is a wholesome corrective to such one-sided and jejune stories as they find in the "Histoire Générale," for instance.

Nevertheless documents should not be taken too seriously. Men do not always say what they think. Sometimes they trust, with Diderot, that posterity will distinguish what they have thought from what they have said. Moreover, it often happens that men who can, do; while men who are powerless, proclaim. For that reason, we must view a document as Anatole France views a fact.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

### A FERRUGINOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

DEDICATED in his own words "to my sons and grandsons for the better understanding of the past and as a lesson for the future," Bismarck's story<sup>1</sup> of his breach with the ex-Kaiser and of his sudden retirement from office sets one wondering what lesson he could have meant his children to draw from this record of his experiences unless it be the old warning, "Put not your faith in princes." One wonders, too, why these letters should have been suppressed for so many years, and why the former Kaiser, in his ignominy and exile, should have been so deeply exercised over their publication that he sought not a year ago to prevent it—successfully so far as his own country was concerned.

These letters, whether written by the monarch or by his servant, are but the echoes of an age long past. They reveal nothing that approaches the sensational, even if the reader is unaware of Bismarck's belief that, given the consuming ambition of his Emperor, a great world-war was inevitable. The story again and again reveals a disappointed man occupying his enforced leisure by reviewing a past in which he had played a great part. Now and again it falls into a petty discussion of certain trifling incidents and becomes merely tiresome to anyone who has not the habit of investing the estrangements and quarrels of the great with a significance they do not deserve. Once or twice Bismarck ventures into remarks about the ex-Kaiser's character at which the loyal German of pre-war days might well have shuddered. The Iron Chancellor refers for instance, to the all-Highest's "powerful sexual development," his indiscretions of speech, his susceptibility to mystical influences, his propensity for dropping friends without explanation, his overweening desire for popularity. All this, however, is said in a ponderous, semi-submissive tone of regret, as if the writer would rather have been charged with disloyalty to God than disloyalty to his Emperor.

It is, indeed, in more than one respect, the story of a bygone age that is recorded in these pages, for besides the odour of divine right which clings about these long-

winded letters, there is the stink of that intricate, traditional, secret diplomacy whose days have not yet entirely passed away. Bismarck is at pains to point out why it is dangerous for his country to curry favour too openly with England, France or Russia, and expounds with great care the niceties of foreign relationships and the arts of balancing this influence against that. One seeks in vain for any nobler motive for all this intricate diplomacy than the hope of having a sufficient number of allies—and enough cannon-fodder—when the time comes for war.

Bismarck is known to history as a great statesman. Undoubtedly he made what was known before the war as Modern Germany; he was a man of action, a man of great will and energy, but of breadth of intellect, of sympathy, of vision there is little trace in these words which he penned more than thirty years ago in explanation and defence of his career. His is an iron pen which writes with some personal bitterness and without grace or imagination or inspiration—except perhaps such as would appeal to those nurtured in the Bismarckian tradition.

As for the light which the book is supposed to throw on the character of the exile of Doorn, there is nothing dazzling about it. That the young Prince who wrote in 1887 that he "would let his limbs be hewn off piecemeal rather than undertake anything that would be disagreeable" to Bismarck, had within three years of his elevation to the throne driven the Chancellor into retirement, is neither altogether strange nor altogether base; for it is natural enough for a young, forceful, self-confident monarch to wish always to escape from the shadow of an old and dominating statesman. There lies probably the whole explanation of Bismarck's downfall. Furthermore, the book plainly indicates that the path which Bismarck laid down for Germany was the same path that led eventually into the great war. Even the ex-Kaiser with all his vanity and self-assurance was a product of the Bismarckian tradition and was swept along in the current of events which the old Chancellor had set going.

CHARLES R. HARGROVE.

### PRECURSORS OF GENIUS.

PROFESSORIAL critics have lately come in for a fair (or unfair) share of abuse at the hands of certain reviewers who happen not to sit in the higher seats of learning, and one of us has actually been accused of prejudice against the whole academic fraternity; though as a matter of fact the prejudice in this particular quarter is certainly not a consistent hostility. Moreover, the professors themselves, one observes, are capable of treating each other with great severity, and except when they have the common interest of collaboration or some other motive for tribal loyalty they do not always show a clannish and mutually defensive disposition to praise each other's performances. Professor Berdan's volume on "Early Tudor Poetry" was recently accorded a rather chilly reception by a certain excellent weekly review whose literary departments are presided over by a scholar with plenty of letters after his name; whereas the present unlettered reviewer had already covered his copy of the book with notes of commendation which he held back because he felt that the volume demanded another reading and would give ample reward for such additional study. If all literary history were as well written as "Early Tudor Poetry," the professional duty, or the mere amateurish pleasure, of studying obscure periods of literature would be more exhilarating, and whatever reproachful hue may darken the word "academic" would soon vanish.

Professor Berdan is not dealing in this volume with the supreme geniuses of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age who shine even through the lucubrations of a mediocre critic but with their forerunners all relatively minor men, especially the poets, quotations from whose writings do not help the critic to brighten his pages. But Professor Berdan has made these Tudor poets interesting because he treats them as live men, not as a row of corpses, and

<sup>1</sup>"The Kaiser v. Bismarck. Suppressed Letters by the Kaiser and New Chapters from the Autobiography of the Iron Chancellor." New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

<sup>2</sup>"Early Tudor Poetry." John M. Berdan. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

because he writes of them in a style which can be understood in the street as well as in the cloister. Every instructor lecturing on the first half of the sixteenth century might well put this book into the hands of his students for the sake of its information—one might almost say of its news—of the period, and also as an example of good method in historical criticism. The student who learns that it is possible to make minor poets interesting will find less excuse for himself or for his instructor to fall into dull thinking about major poets.

Though no first-rate English poet emerged in the early Tudor period, nevertheless the period itself was immensely vital and active, preparing by vigour of deed for the vigour of word that was to blaze in the next half-century. Professor Berdan's record of the social background is clear and vivid. The first thing to learn about books is the nature of the society that produces them. That principle is at least as old as Taine. Yet how few manuals of literature give an adequate idea of the life behind the books. The reason is that most critics live with their eyes on the printed page, whereas the primary creators of literature are interested in everything under the sun.

In the period which Professor Berdan studies, the men of broadest interests are the writers of prose. Though the book is avowedly about poetry, and though the only individual to whom Professor Berdan has devoted a complete chapter is the poet Surrey, nevertheless the richest chapter is that on the humanists. Among the English humanists the outstanding figure is Thomas More, who lives for us in one book, and with More is his twin spirit, Erasmus, not an Englishman but of great importance in English thought. Though the humanists produced no verse of great merit, they influenced English verse through their influence on all culture. Professor Berdan's final judgment as to the extent of that influence is that they succeeded just enough and failed where they should have failed. With their classic ideals they helped to civilize English verse without fettering it.

Professor Berdan's own work justifies to some extent his dictum that "the first requirement for the critic is not taste, not appreciation, however valuable and desirable they may be—it is a knowledge of literary history." Yet it seems rather that a critic would pray to be endowed first with taste and appreciation and then with industry and opportunity to acquire knowledge.

JOHN MACY.

### MISS MILLAY'S POEMS

A GREAT deal of the charm of Miss Millay's poetry is in the fact that she has often the outlook and the expression of a child—of a precocious, learned and subtle child. Flowers and bright things make up beauty for her; she is overwhelmed by her sense of the height of things; the sort of world she has adventures in is aptly described at the end of one of her poems of "Second April":

There was a child that wandered through  
A Giant's empty house all day—  
House full of wonderful things and new,  
But no fit place for a child to play.

In the booklet "A Few Figs from Thistles"<sup>2</sup> she has this:

My candle burns at both ends;  
It will not last the night;  
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—  
It gives a lovely light!

Now this is what a child who was not familiar with candles and who had a mind bent on mischief might say. It is nonsense, of course. A candle burning at both ends does not give a lovely light; it makes a dripping mess. Then there is

Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand:  
Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand!

This too is childlike, but it has a fairy-tale truth.

<sup>1</sup>"Second April." Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.00.

<sup>2</sup>"A Few Figs from Thistles: Poems and Four Sonnets." Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Frank Shay. \$1.00.

Miss Millay is a poet with good gifts—a gift of music, a gift of proportion in verse, a gift of witty expression. These gifts are shown on nearly every page in the booklet, and "The Penitent," "She is Overheard Singing," and "Daphne" have the spontaneity, the lilt that goes with the songs of one born a singer.

As I read "Second April" I note how many of these poems might be written by the precocious, learned and subtle child that I see in Miss Millay—"City Trees," "Journey," "Weeds," "Passer Mortuus Est," "Pastoral," "Assault," "Travel," "Low Tide," "Song of a Second April," "Rosemary." None of these, it seems to me, has maturé passion or mature experience. "The Beanstalk" is a breathless dramatization of a child's climb and is something that is very well done. "The Blue Flag in the Bog" is a distinctive poem—a mental journey such as Miss Millay has made before; an irregular progress with glimpses and visions. Then I come to "The Poet and his Book," and after that I cease to think of Miss Millay as the child. The voice is full that one hears say:

When these veins are weeds,  
When these hollowed sockets  
Watch the rooty seeds  
Bursting down like rockets,  
And surmise the spring again,  
Or, remote in that black cupboard,  
Watch the pink worms writhing upward  
At the smell of rain.

Boys and girls that lie  
Whispering in the hedges,  
Do not let me die,  
Mix me with your pledges;  
Boys and girls that slowly walk  
In the woods, and weep, and quarrel,  
Staring past the pink wild laurel,  
Mix me with your talk.

Here is music and here is the sense of actual things, and the two mix as in a seventeenth-century poem. About the wide expanse of external nature Miss Millay says nothing that is at all impressive, but she surely gets the actuality of the things of the household, the things of the garden. "Wraith" has all the sense of the four walls of a house, the closed windows and doors, and the haunting rain outside, and "Lament" has overpoweringly the sense of things that are handled:

There'll be in his pockets  
Things he used to put there,  
Keys and pennies  
Covered with tobacco.

Then "Exiled" has the actuality that the seashore has from the door of a house—the "bobbing barrels," "the black sticks that fence the weirs." But what an unequal writer Miss Millay is! The six little poems that are a Memorial to D. C. are classic in their pagan feeling for youth and for death. But the "Ode to Silence," with its classic figures and its classic imagery, is, to me, nothing more than a literary exercise.

Then we come to the twelve sonnets that end "Second April." There is maturity here and an emotion that is not dwarfed by the high framing of the sonnet. The third in the sequence, "Not with libations, but with shouts and laughter," will be praised, I am sure; but I do not feel a profound emotion in it, nothing as profound as the emotion that is in the fifth sonnet and the twelfth.

Once, at least, Miss Millay's lines got tangled as the lines of a sonnet should never be permitted to get tangled. The octave of the twelfth is deficient in that clear persuasiveness that is surely needed for a sonnet's opening:

Cherish you then the hope I shall forget  
At length, my lord, Pieria?—put away  
For your so passing sake, this mouth of clay,  
These mortal bones against my body set,  
For all the puny fever and frail sweat  
Of human love—renounce for these, I say,  
The Singing Mountain's memory, and betray  
The silent lyre that hangs upon me yet?

Punctuation does its best for the first lines, but suppose one depended on the straight voice for the inkling of

what the sonnet was to be about? One would not get it. And that is more than a pity, for the sestet is clear and fine:

Ah, but indeed some day shall you awake,  
Rather, from dreams of me, that at your side  
So many nights, a lover and a bride,  
But stern in my soul's chastity, have lain,  
To walk the world for ever for my sake,  
And in each chamber find me gone again!

Miss Millay ought to look back on the sonnets of Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti; the best of them are cameo-clear. She does not need instruction. But she does need to be reminded of the stern intellectual discipline that the writers who matter have given themselves—the discipline that permits the poet to have ice on the brain and fire in the heart.

PADRAIC COLUM.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

CYNICISM comes in many colours and patterns. It may be autumnally mellow and a trifle weary as in Schnitzler, or paradoxical and consciously ornate as in Wilde, or gay and elfish as in James Stephens. Again it may borrow from one or another of these patterns, and assume the attitude without assimilating the spirit. It is this sort of cynicism which adorns the pages of "And the Sphinx Spoke,"<sup>1</sup> and accounts for its possessing the shell of disillusionment, without the kernel of reality. One suspects that Mr. Eldridge, despite his zest and artistry, has put on the mantle of a literary cynic in exactly the same way as he might don an opera-cape—conscious of its graceful appearance and not unaware of the distinction which it gives to the wearer.

L. B.

LIKE a painting in stippled colour that fails to gather into significant forms, Mr. Harold Waldo's "Stash of the Marsh Country"<sup>2</sup> is an example of the weaker sort of impressionism that is so widely current in contemporary fiction. The story has to do with the career of a Polish boy, bred in the marshlands of Michigan; there is a moving pageant of incident, business deals, theatre-rehearsals, sentimental encounters, and so forth, and in the course of the procession much foreign colour, which is usually left out of the American storyteller's palette, is splashed on the canvas. The total effect, however, is disappointing. Here is the machinery of a modern mind, working upon modern materials, and yet the product is better than that of the old-fashioned school only as a modern Academy exhibition, addicted to *plein-air*, is better than the array of sentimental smudges that would have been hanging on the line a generation ago. The advance consists in better adapting the novel to the modern mind; but it leaves that mind precisely in the same position that Mr. Robert Chambers or Mr. Rupert Hughes leaves it—without the romantic satisfaction that one sometimes gets from a plot that is pure and unadulterated claptrap. Alas! for the serious novel that is as externalized as the life it seeks to portray.

L. C. M.

THE Reverend Sydney Smith once remarked that his brother had risen in the world by gravity while he, himself, poor fellow, had sunk by levity. Such being the constitution and essence of the universe, it is very likely that Mr. Maxwell Garnett will soar high above Ossa and Pelion and land safely in the rarified atmosphere of educational psychology, for in "Education and World Citizenship"<sup>3</sup> he has certainly written a grave book. In fifteen long chapters, he explores that mysterious realm, "the aim of education." In his opinion, it is to be charted by recondite researches into individual psychology. Hence, there are chapters on neurology, neurograms, involuntary thought, will and general ability, purpose, neuro-graphies, reasoning, curiosity, conduct and character. They fairly bristle with citations from the deepest philosophers and the wisest psychologists and with charts, diagrams, and mathematical formulæ. Out of this welter arise certain specific conclusions, such as "that the instinct-emotion of curiosity-wonder urges men to build up their neurographies in the form of single maximal endarchies corresponding to the endarchy of science and so to discover that endarchy." On

these specific conclusions, grouped as the buttressed foundation for the superstructure, is the grand general conclusion which, to borrow the elegant and simple language of Professor C. J. Kayser, crowns the summitless hierarchy of genuine infinities. This grand general conclusion is that "The aim of education is to form Christian characters." This is so because "the Christian account of the universe—or, as we may term it, the Christian philosophy—completes the discovered part of the endarchy of science with a hypothesis concerning the hitherto undiscovered central essences; and it does so, as we are about to observe, in a manner that enables the corresponding neurography to fulfil the conditions that have to be satisfied by the neurography of the typical citizen—of a maximally efficient and progressive community." Since, however, "no group can be maximally progressive if possible conflict with other groups restricts its freedom to develop," the whole world must be the future community, and hence, education is linked by Mr. Garnett with world-citizenship. Having arrived at, or rather discovered, the aim of education by painstaking scientific inquiry and a severely logical process, our author then takes up the system of education which is necessary to realize the aim revealed. He surveys the existing English programmes and institutions, and suggests additions, improvements and extensions which will best form Christian characters. As, in the first part, Mr. Garnett shows a profound acquaintance with the greatest writers on psychology, so in this division he reveals a firm grasp on the spirit and technique of the English educational system. With a sure hand he sketches out the New Educational Atlantis, giving a full bill of particulars as to the curriculum, pedagogy, scholarships, research, and administrative subdivisions necessary to the execution of the Christian hypothesis: "the advancement of the kingdom of God in the minds of men." The presumption must be that the author expects all other nations to adopt the programme which he frames for England, for it is not to be supposed that he would limit "the kingdom" to the British Islands. Confronted by interlocking, mathematical demonstrations, the reviewer is unable to pick any flaws in Mr. Garnett's weighty and imposing volume. He fears, however, that there may be some difficulties in applying the new system to Jerusalem, Anatolia, Mesopotamia, China and Japan. But after all, those difficulties are mainly statistical and might be resolved by Mr. Garnett with unexpected ease.

C. A. B.

#### A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

TRANSLATIONS from Chinese and Japanese poets have become popular of late. New collections of them are constantly appearing and their influence upon our own poetry is very marked. It would be only natural, therefore, to look for a certain revival of interest in Hindu poetry, especially in view of the remarkable series of translations from the Sanskrit which Professor Arthur W. Ryder of the University of California has been giving us at intervals. How widely this work of Mr. Ryder's is known I have no idea: the translations from Kalidasa in "Everyman's Library" are his, and his volume of Hindu fairy-tales, "Twenty-Two Goblins," must also have reached a fairly large public. Besides these, his versions of "Shakuntala" and "The Little Clay Cart" have been produced a number of times. On the other hand, I have seen few if any comments on those delightful books, "Relatives" and "Women's Eyes" (published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco), and I believe there are other pieces by this writer locked away in one of the university magazines. Mr. Ryder is obviously a philosopher, as indifferent to renown as ever Edward Fitzgerald was. Or perhaps he has taken to heart the ancient epigram with which he concludes one of his books:

The critics all were jealous,  
The patrons full of pride,  
The public had no judgment;  
And so my poems died—

and has concluded that, as poems die anyway, it is a waste of energy to attempt to keep them alive. The practical consequence is, that he has written for California what belongs to the nation.

Not that Mr. Ryder has really written for California. He has written for himself alone, and this accounts for

<sup>1</sup> "And the Sphinx Spoke." Paul Eldridge. Boston: The Stratford Press. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> "Stash of the Marsh Country." Harold Waldo. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

<sup>3</sup> "Education and World Citizenship." James Clerk Maxwell Garnett. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. \$12.00.

the charm and the distinction of his work. It is for the "jealous" critics, jealous, as one might wish them to be, in the better sense of the word, to find him out; they ought to rejoice in the exercise of a talent, of an interest, that owes so much to its very aloofness. Thirty years hence, when all these scattered writings have been gathered together, as one trusts they will be, in a collected edition, it will be seen that we have in Mr. Ryder one of those creative scholars, endowed with an original personality, for whom to-day in general the eye scans our academic world in vain. The traits of this personality, frugal, sincere, self-contained, by turns Stoic, Cynic and Epicurean, and with a pungent inward flavour, are stamped all over his work: it is a personality in some respects akin to Thoreau's, with a more generous endowment of the sensual imagination. Mr. Ryder is himself a New Englander. The name of Thoreau (and of Emerson, for that matter) thus reminds us that there is a certain hereditary connexion between the New England mind and the wisdom of the East.

MR. RYDER soliloquizes, then, through the medium of these congenial Indian wits and poets. Happy for us that Sanskrit is not a freshman study, that he has not been obliged to present it, as certain of our professors present Ibsen, in the language of football! And now, to turn from the translator to his work, one's only question is where to begin. "One loves to expand the praise," says Mr. Ryder in his preface to Kalidasa, "even though realizing that the critic is by his very nature a fool." There is the touch of Thoreau; let us take warning from it.

The fool among the wise may shine  
A moment, if his dress be fine;  
But  
One moment, while his mouth is shut.

Let us accept this little hint from the "Hitopadesha" and leave the floor to the wise poets themselves.

THEY have much to say about fools. They are severe, that is to say, full of disdainful pride: and this perhaps explains why they have failed to ingratiate themselves, as the Japanese poets have, with the banner-bearers of our own poetical renaissance. God himself, says one of them,

Could never make content  
The man who feels himself elate  
With one small grain of knowledge in his pate—

than which it would be impossible to imagine a sentiment less compatible with literary democracy. This note they sound again and again:

With sufficient toil and travail  
You may gather oil from gravel;  
The mirage perhaps your thirsty lips may cool;  
If you seek it night and morn,  
You may find a rabbit's horn;  
But you never can convince a stubborn fool.

They are pessimists, it scarcely needs to be added, convinced that "earth has lost her youth"; and remote as our generation is from the blissful faith of Rabbi Ben Ezra, it is equally far from believing, with the author of the "Mahabharata," that "the worst is yet to be." No, there is nothing here of the accommodating charm of those exquisite masters to whom Miss Amy Lowell owes so much. It would be going too far to say, however, that they share none of the thoughts of the present generation.

We do not fear a single thing  
Except our relatives

the elephants exclaim in one of Mr. Ryder's selections from the "Ramayana." That, at least, is a popular contemporary sentiment.

A PRIG, says Mr. Chesterton, is one who has more pride in the possession of his intellect than joy in the use of it. If these poets are wise they are not wise with the wisdom of prigs; their intellect is all in the service of spiritual

freedom. Thus the fabulist of the "Hitopadesha" writes as follows:

Fear fearful things, while yet  
No fearful thing appears;  
When dangers must be met,  
Strike, and forget your fears.

When all his safety lies  
In fighting, blow for blow,  
The wise man fights and dies,  
And with him dies his foe.

But freedom, they say, is not easy to win—thanks to "the haughty god of love." The deluded misogynist thinks himself safe, and

Heaven rewards his self-control,  
And women swarm in heaven.

The "fawn-eyed women," in fact, upset all one's calculations. Hear Bhartrihari, the master of the epigram:

As knowledge in the just  
Increases self-distrust;  
In others, pride and lust—

Just so, the saint will find  
When lonely, peace of mind;  
Not so the lovesick kind.

And wise as these poets are, they are ten times more lovesick.

The consecrated saints of old  
Who lived on water, leaves and air,  
Went mad with love when they beheld—

but what they beheld is the burden of a good half of these poems.

Yes, all the fawn-eyed maiden does  
Is wondrously appealing.

In the epigrams in the two volumes from which I have been quoting the sensual imagination, of necessity, finds itself cramped. It is in the longer works of Kalidasa that one finds the full splendour of the classic Hindu love-poetry, or rather, since I am speaking of that, the more luxuriant aspect of Mr. Ryder's talent as a translator. Consider, for example, in "The Cloud-Messenger," the description of the heavenly city Alaka, where the flowers which on earth blossom at different seasons are all found in bloom the year round—

Where men with maids whose charm no blemish mars  
Climb to the open crystal balcony  
Inlaid with flower-like sparkling of the stars,  
And drink the love-wine from the wishing-tree—

Where from the moonstones hung in nets of thread  
Great drops of water trickle in the night—

Where sweet nocturnal journeys are betrayed  
At sunrise by the fallen flowers from curls  
That fluttered as they stole along afraid—

Where the wishing-tree yields all that might enhance  
The loveliness of maidens young and sweet:  
Bright garments, wine that teaches eyes to dance,  
And flowering twigs, and rarest gems discrete,  
And lac-dye, fit to stain their pretty lotus-feet.

Or again—though it is too long for me to quote it—the sumptuous enumeration of the ten stages of the passion of love, the Exchange of Glances, Wistfulness, Desire, Wakefulness, Emaciation, Loss of Interest in Ordinary Pleasures, Loss of Youthful Bashfulness, Absent-mindedness, Prostration, Death. Here, certainly, Mr. Ryder's imagination parts company with that of Thoreau, true as it is that there is more in the New England temperament than meets the casual eye.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"William Lloyd Garrison," by John Jay Chapman. Revised Edition. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. \$1.50.

"Tudor Ideals," by Lewis Einstein. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

"And Even Now," by Max Beerholm. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$3.50.

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